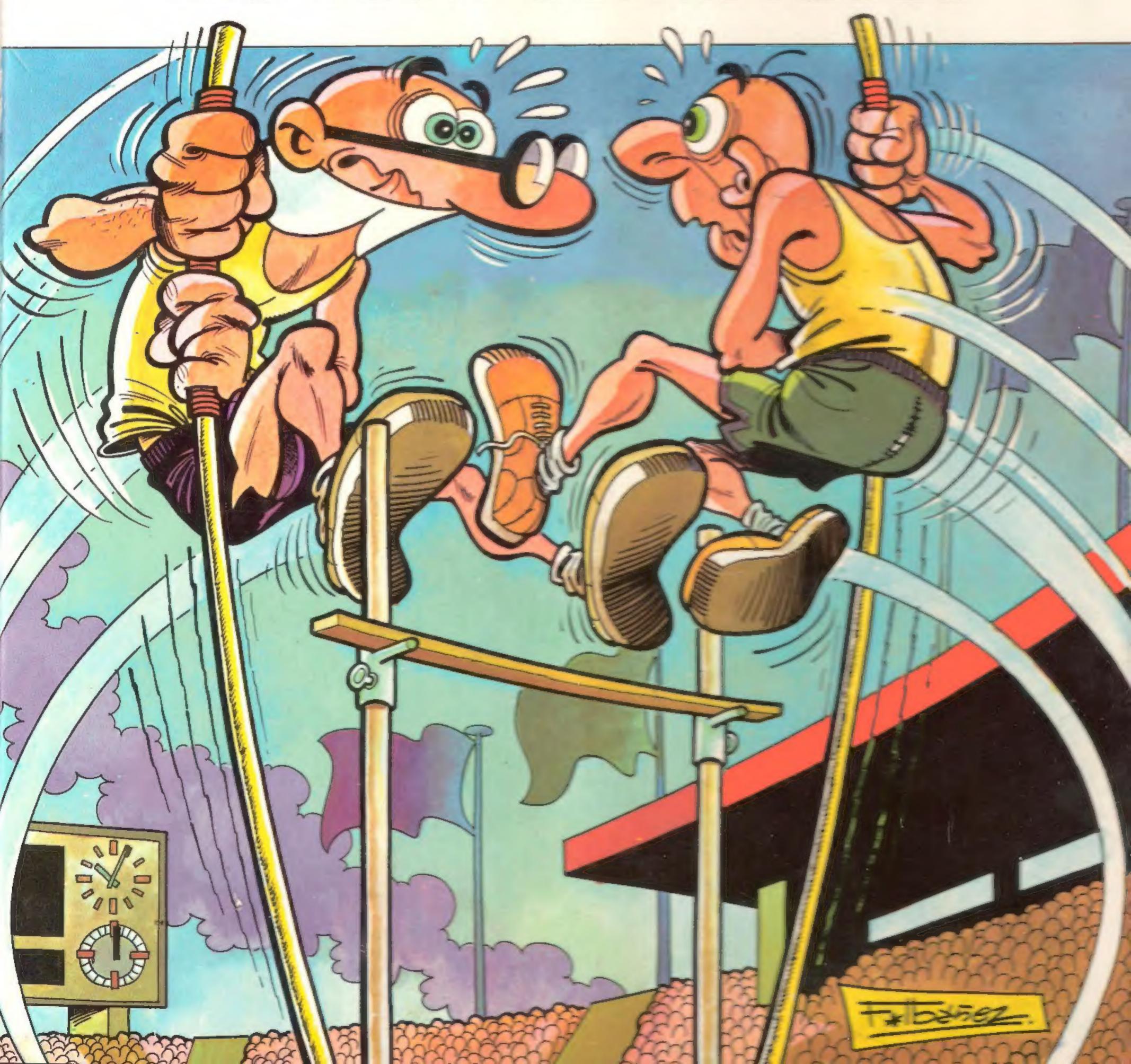




MORTADOL ELEMON

LES JEUX OLYMPIQUES



UNE AVENTURE DE MORTADEL ET FILEMON

LES JEUX OLYMPIQUES

SCENARIO ET DESSINS DE F. IBAÑEZ



EDITIONS AVENTURES ET VOYAGES, S. A.

26, RUE D'ABOUKIR - 75002 PARIS



























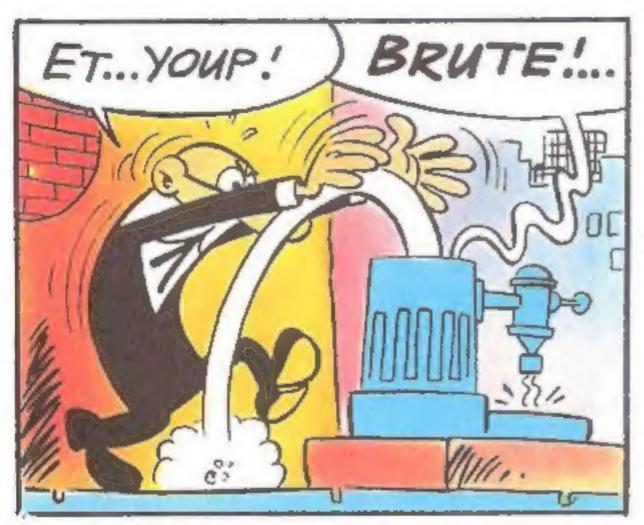






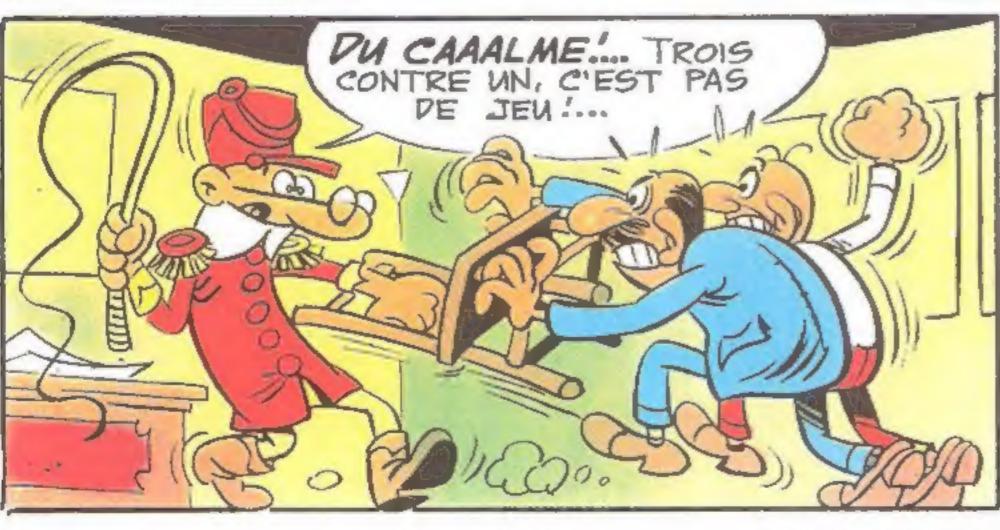




























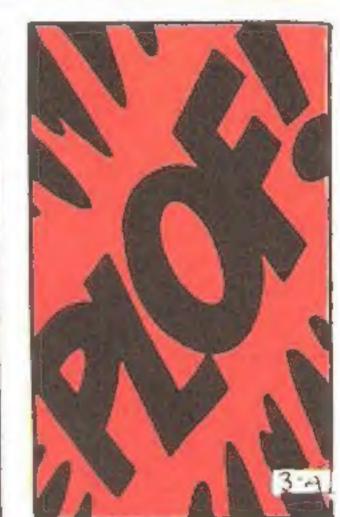




AUSSI, POUR ECARTER
LES SOUPCONS, VOUS
VOUS PRÉSENTEREZ
COMME DES SPORTIFS
ET PARTICIPEREZ AUX
ÉPREUVES...





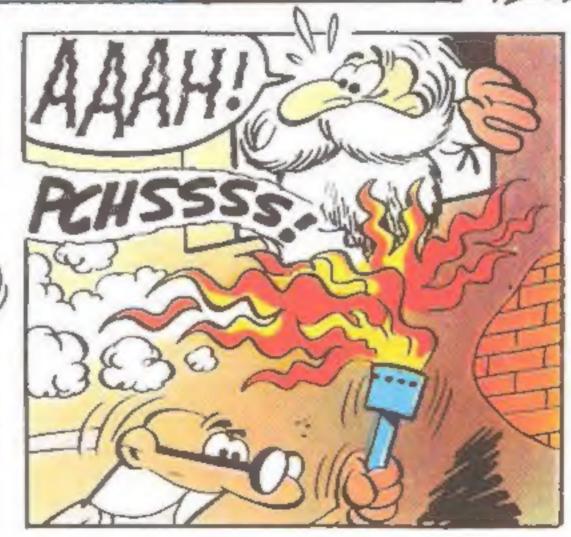




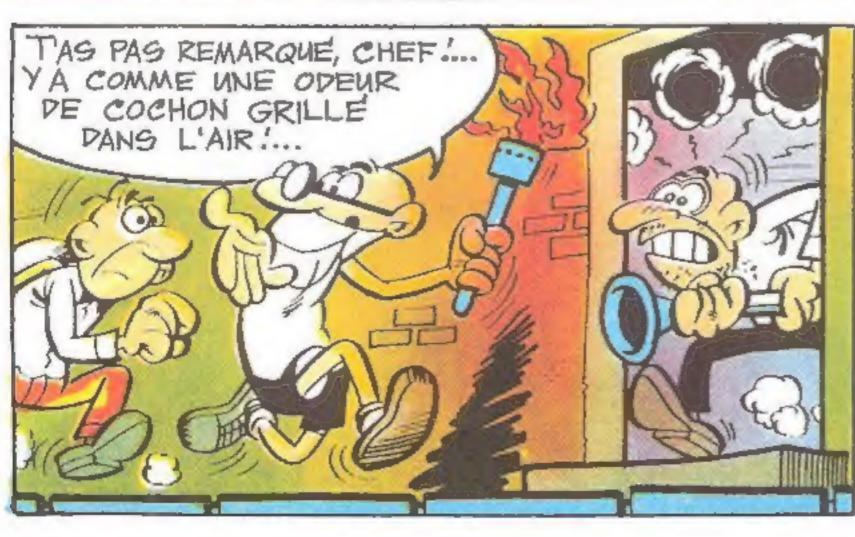


















PUIS, SUR L'OCEAN IMMENSE, A BORD DU "QUEEN SUPORCHOSETH"...

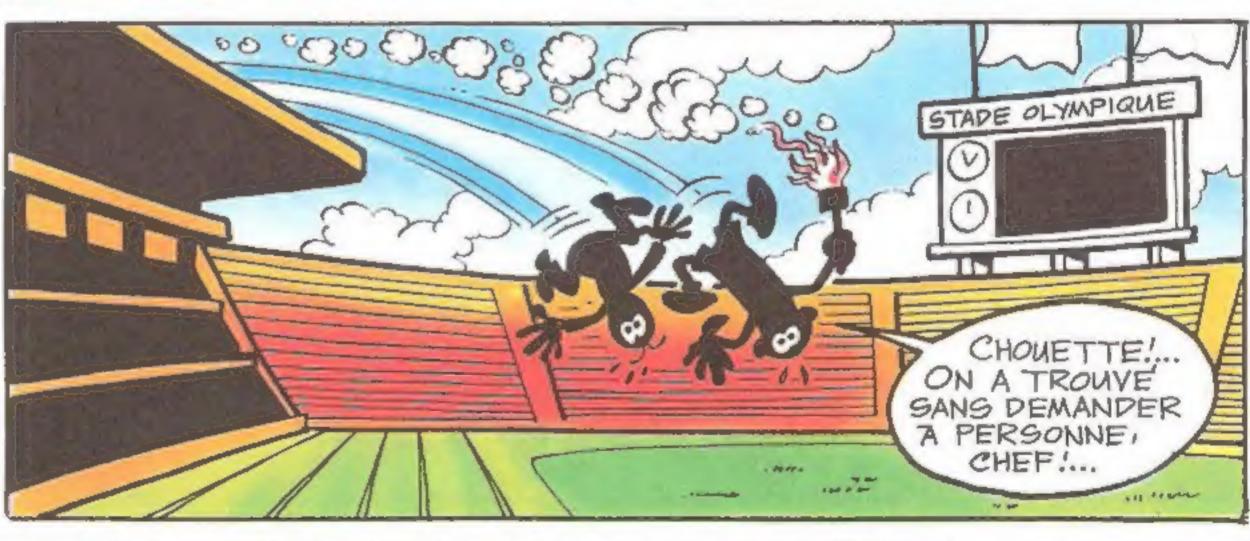






















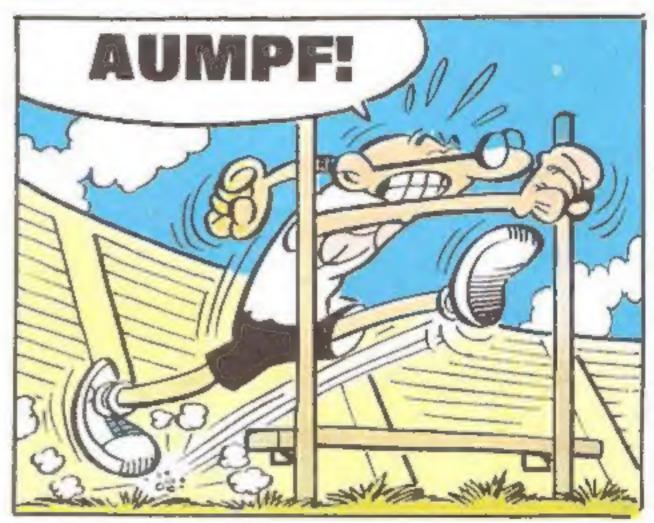
















HUUUH !... T'AURAIS PAS













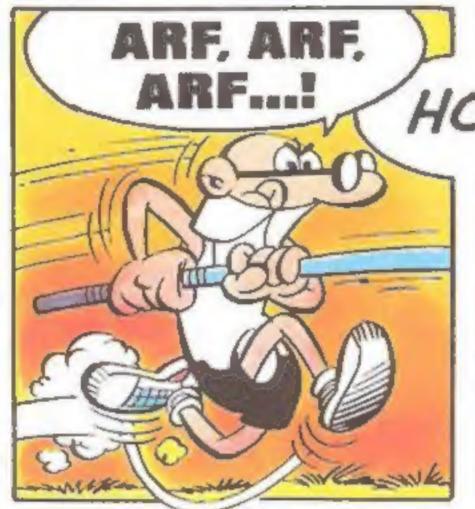




























ALLONS, CHEF, IL NE FAUT PAS





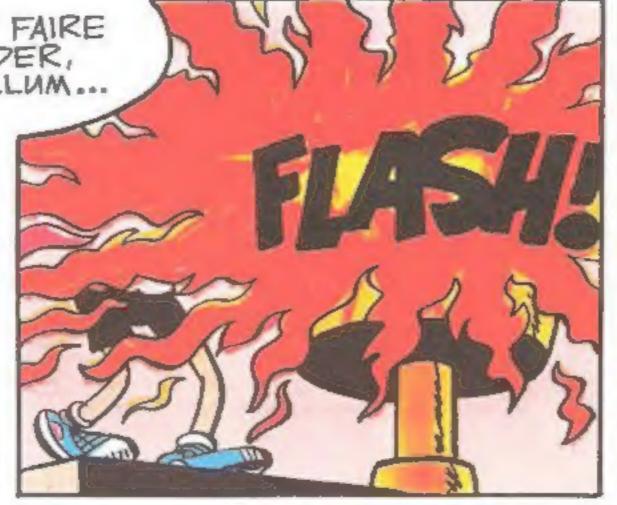










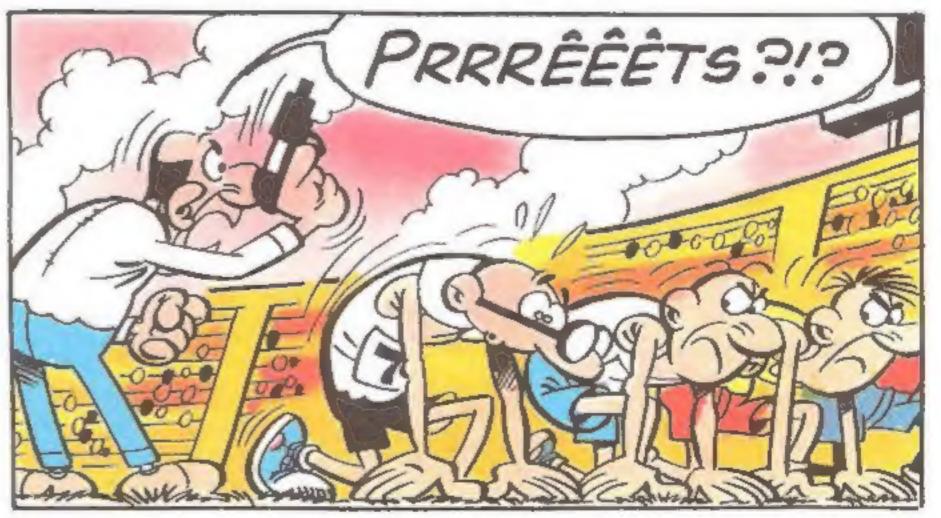


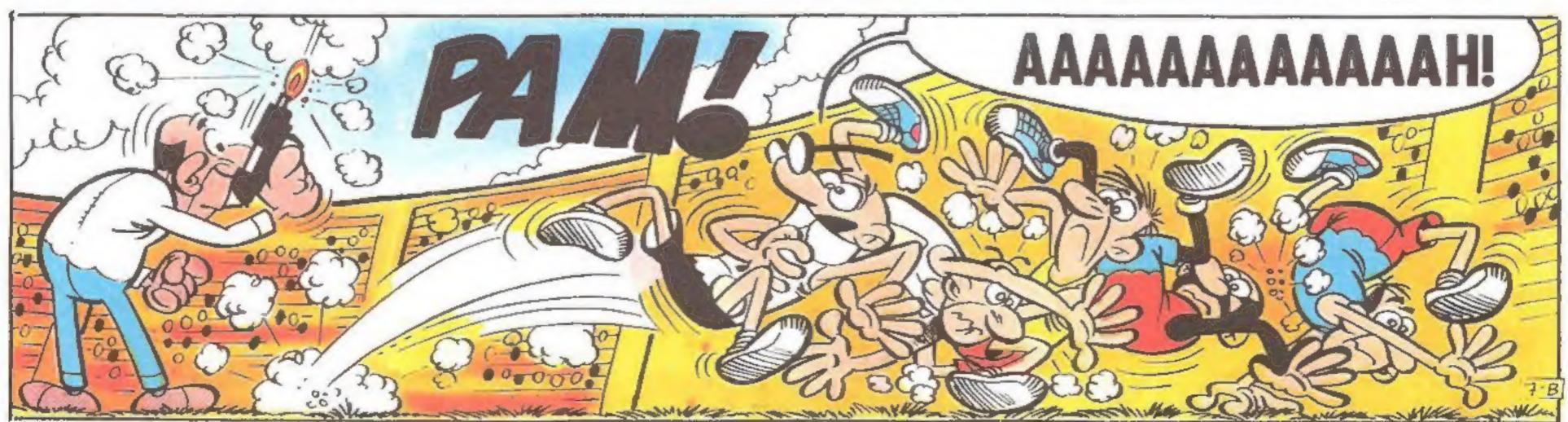














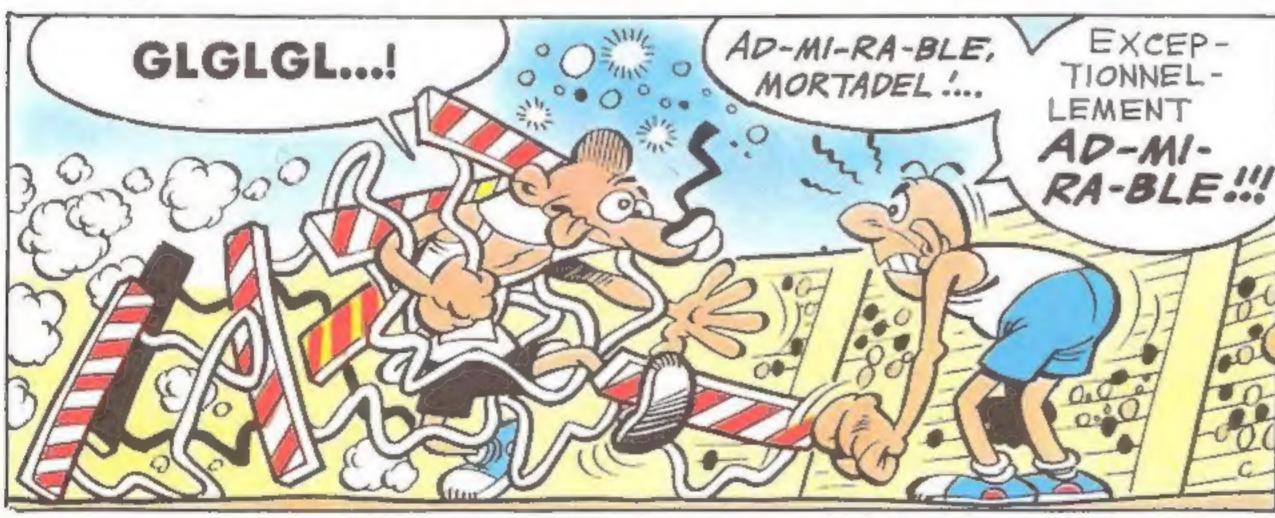








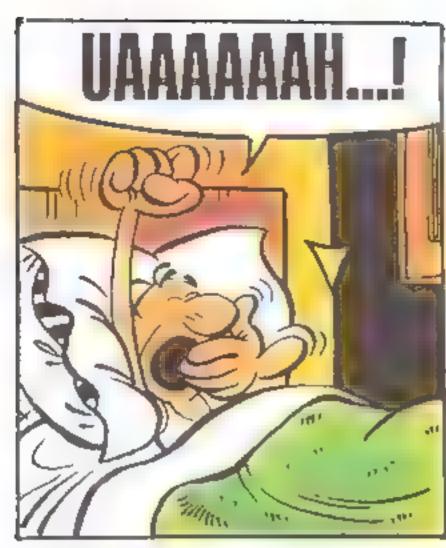








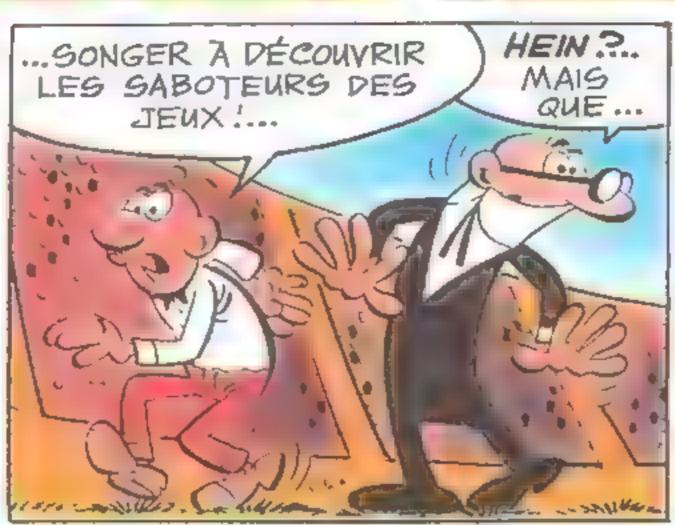




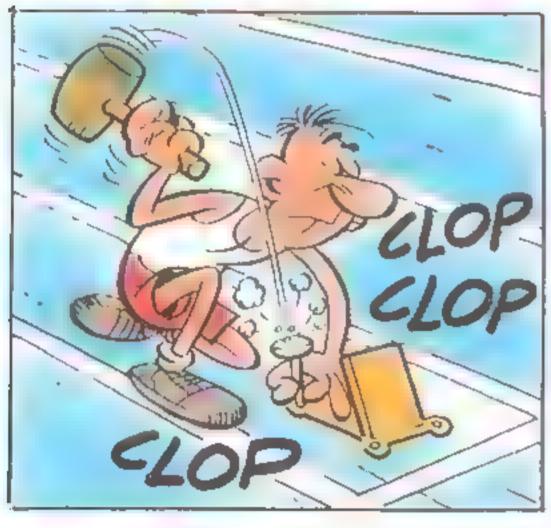
























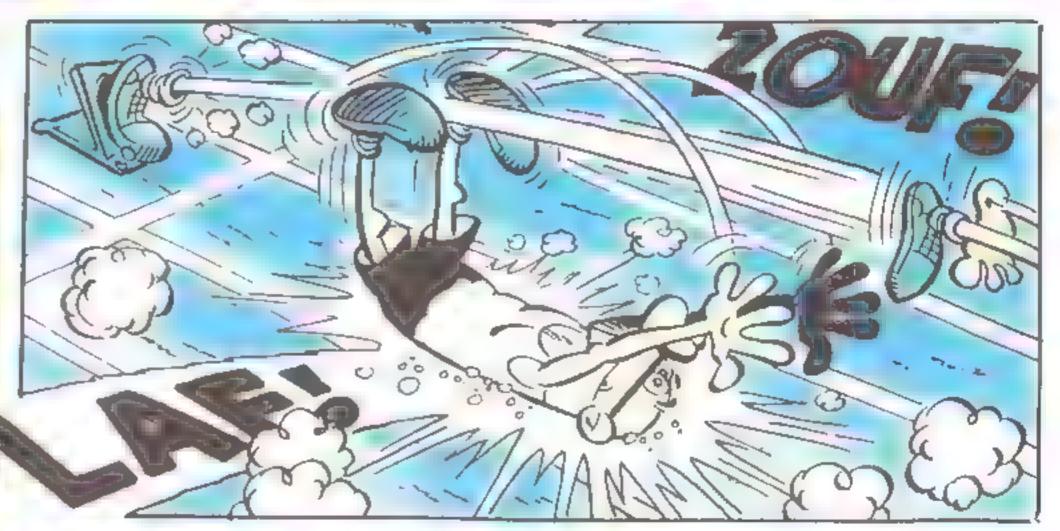


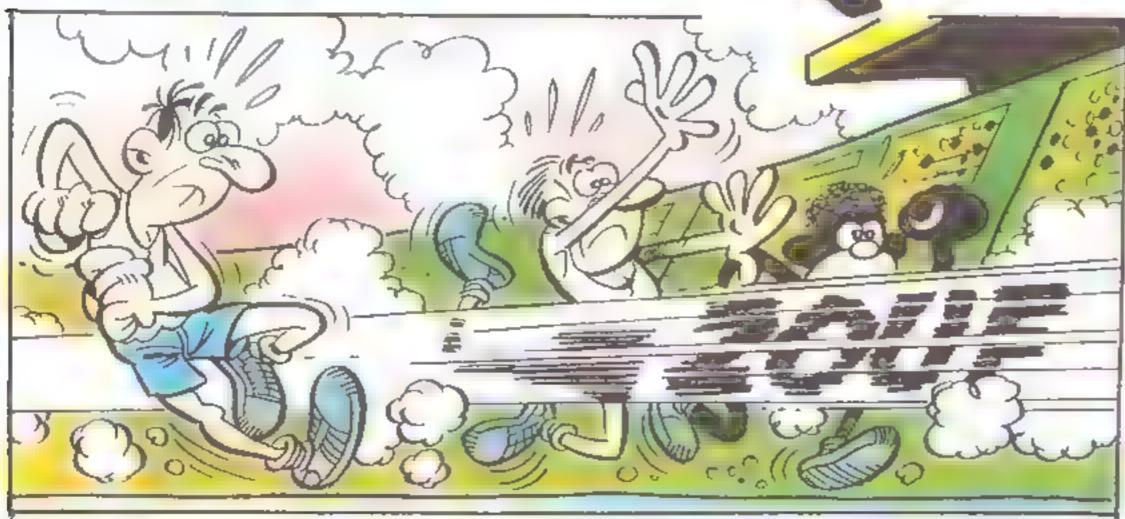




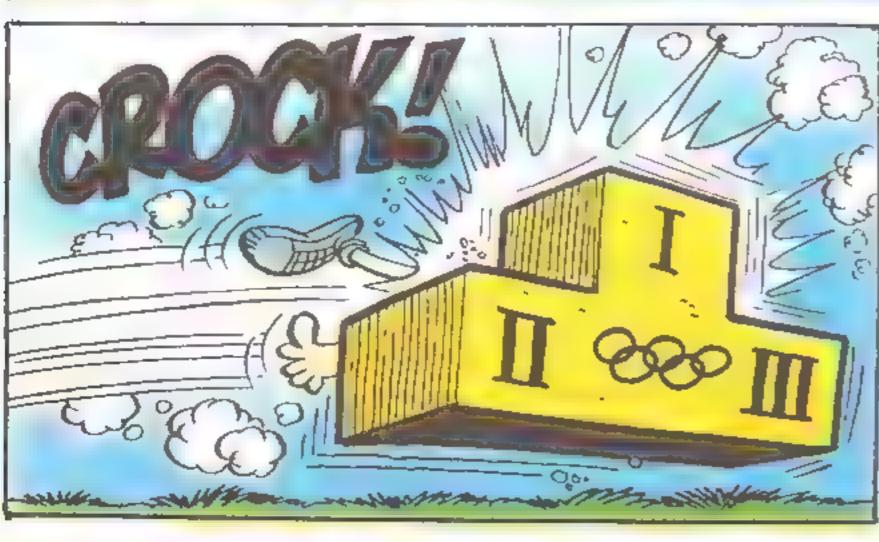


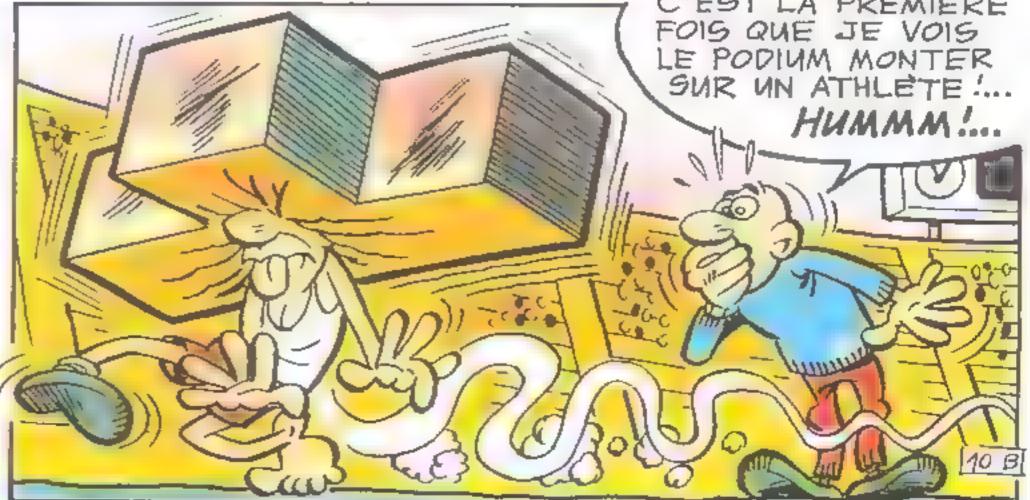




















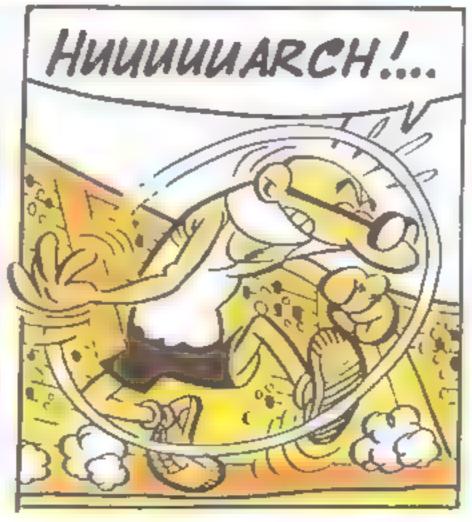










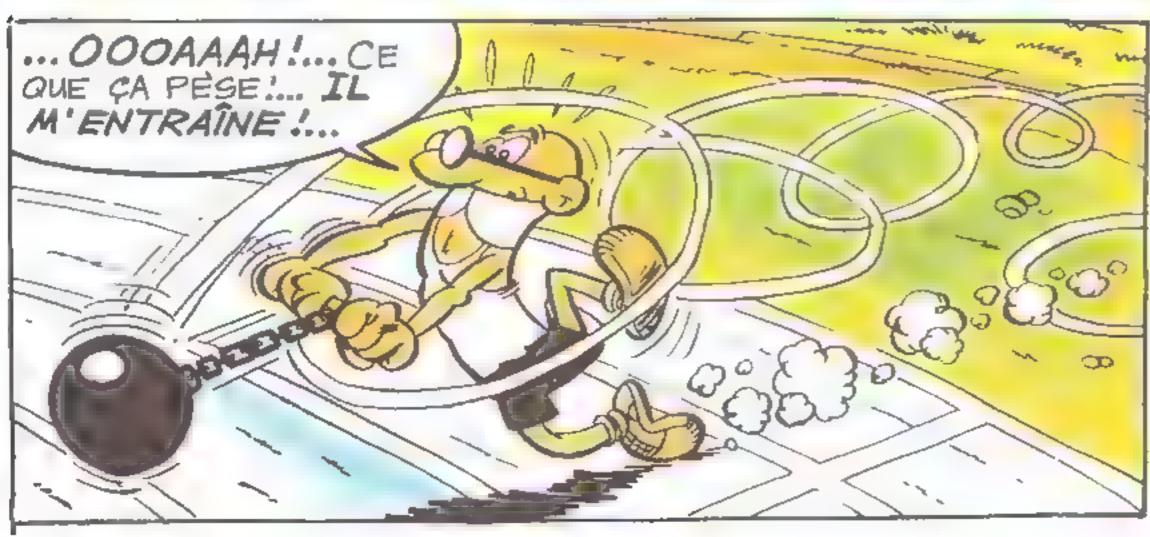


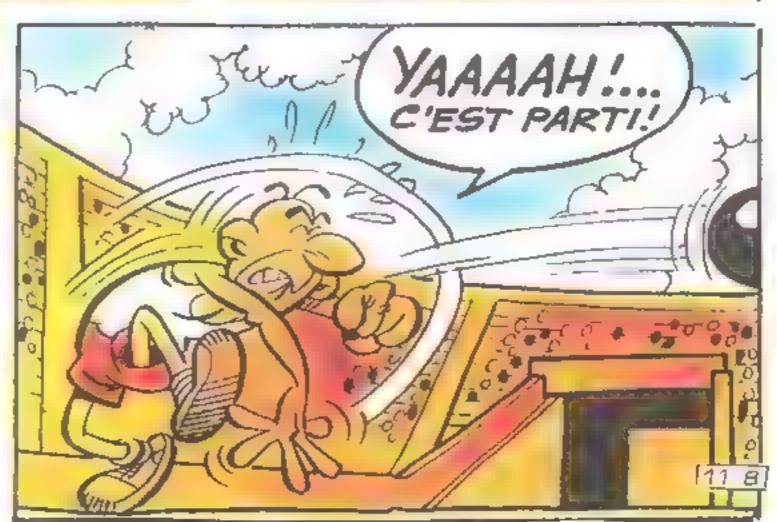


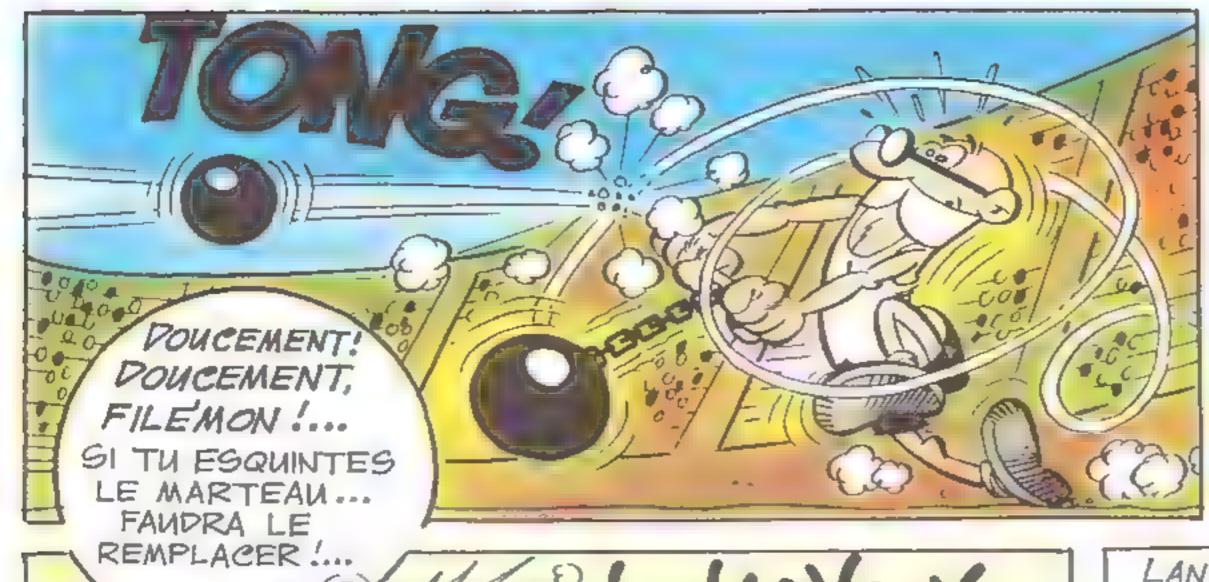


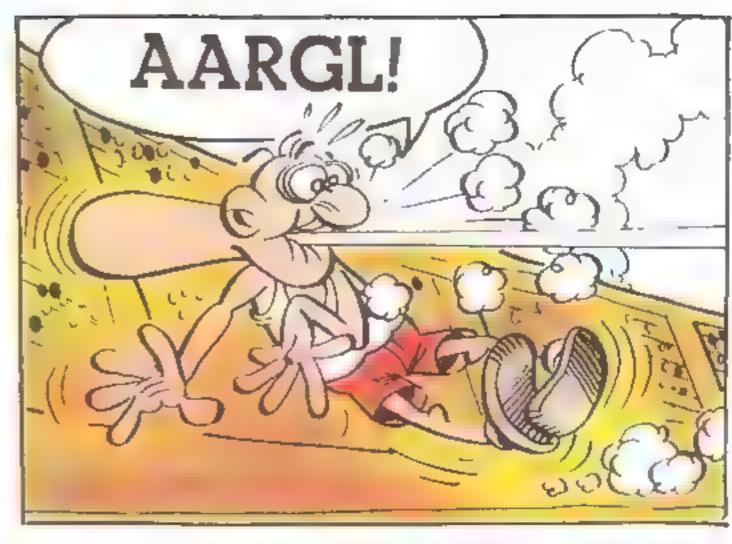








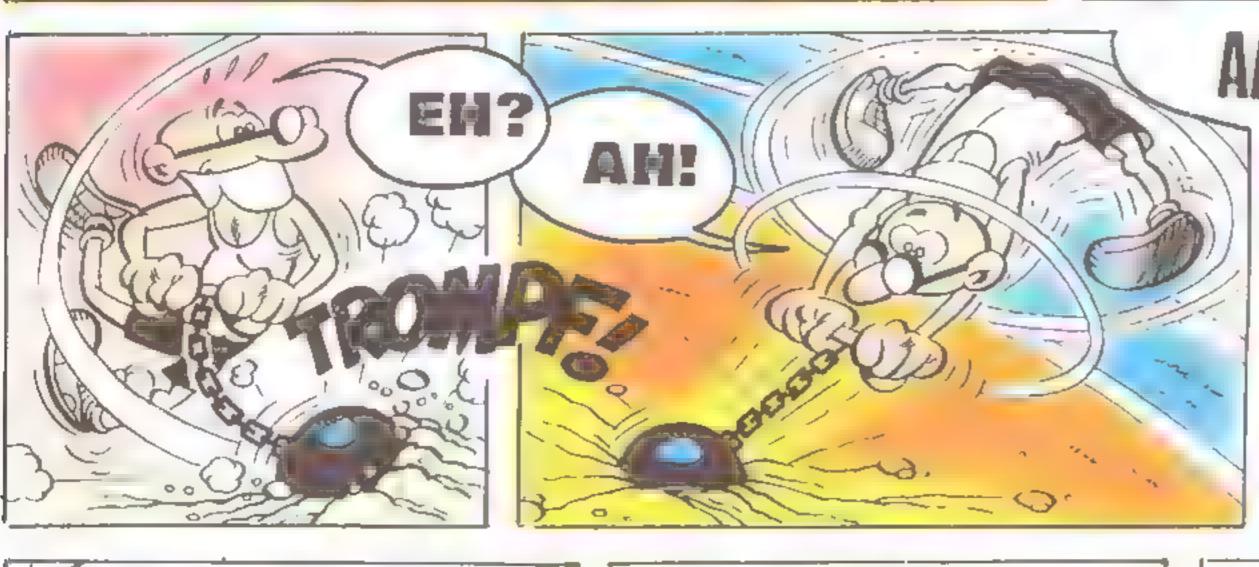






LANCEMENT
DU MARTEAU!...
LE CHAUVE MYOPE
EN PISTE!...
ALERTE
GENERALE!...
PEGAGEZ LE
TERRAIN!...



















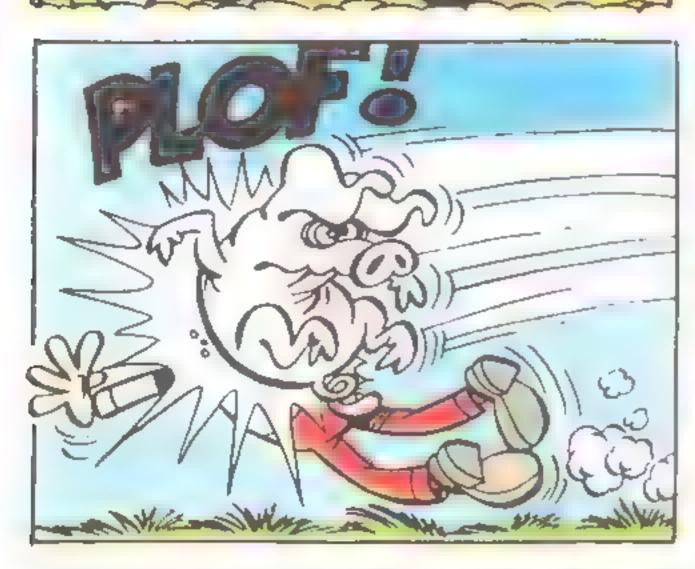
























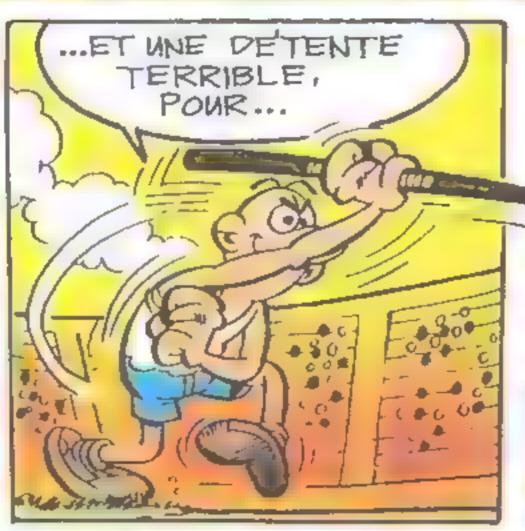




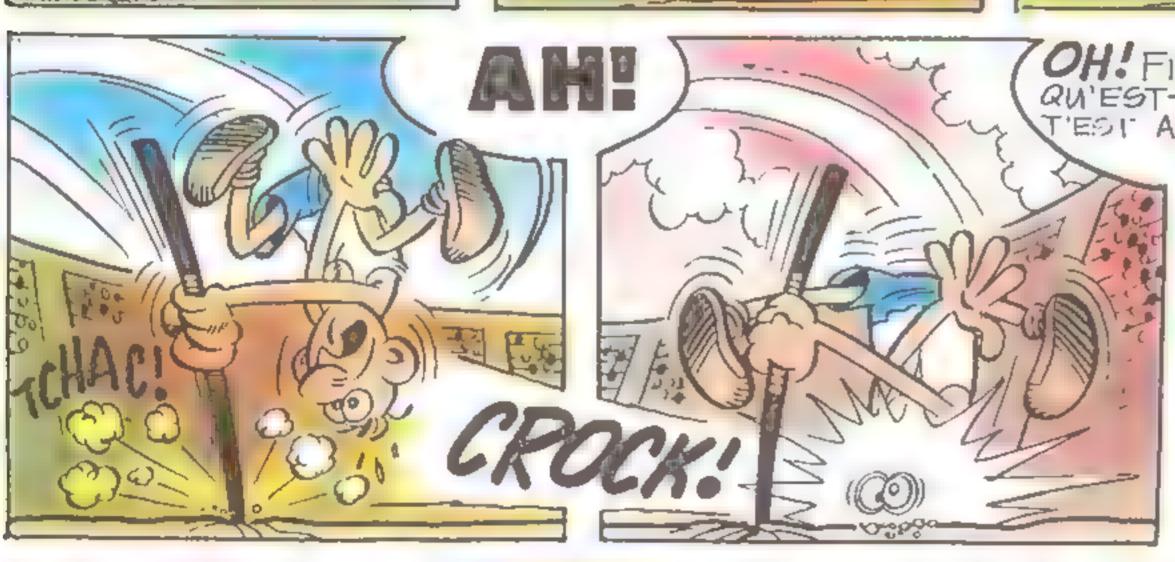


















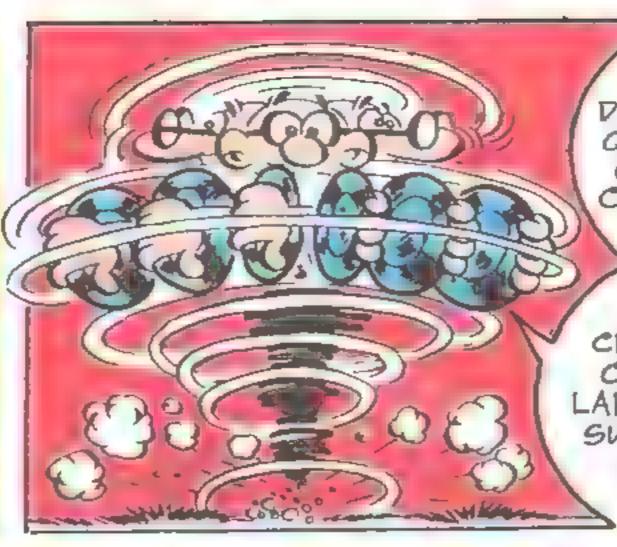


RAPPORTE CE DISQUE DE MIREILLE MATHIEU MAGE !... JE A LA DISCOTHEQUE!... PENSAIS C'EST CE GENRE DE DISQUE QU'IL FAUT QUE, SI JE LE LANCAIS LANCER ... BIEN LOIN, ABRUTI !...



DOM-





MAINTENANT, JE

POIS FAIRE QUELQUE CHOSE
COMME CINQ
CENTS TOURS
A LA MI-

CROIS QUE CE SERA LARGEMENT SUFFISANT POUR...



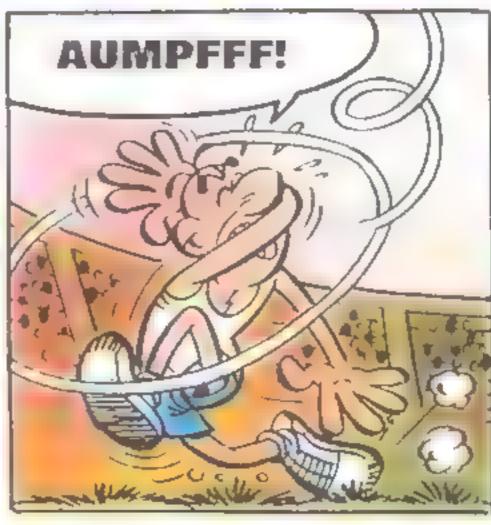






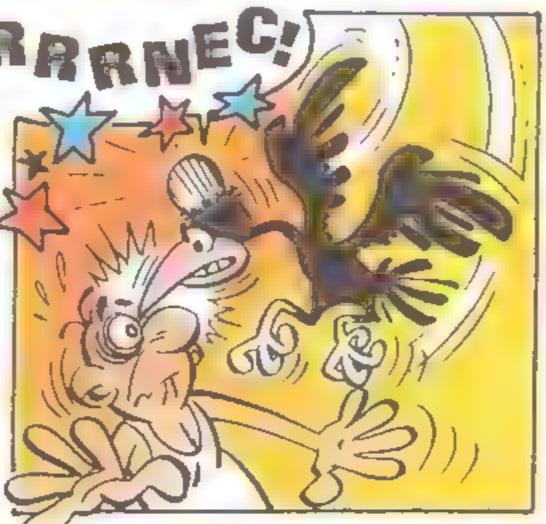














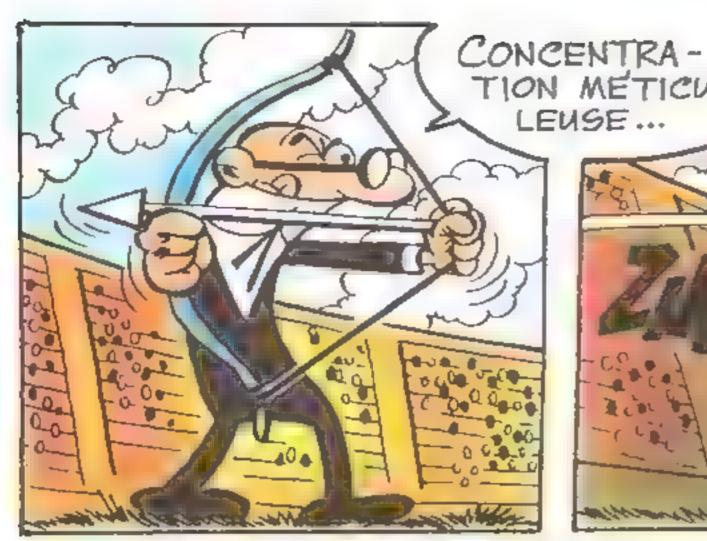


















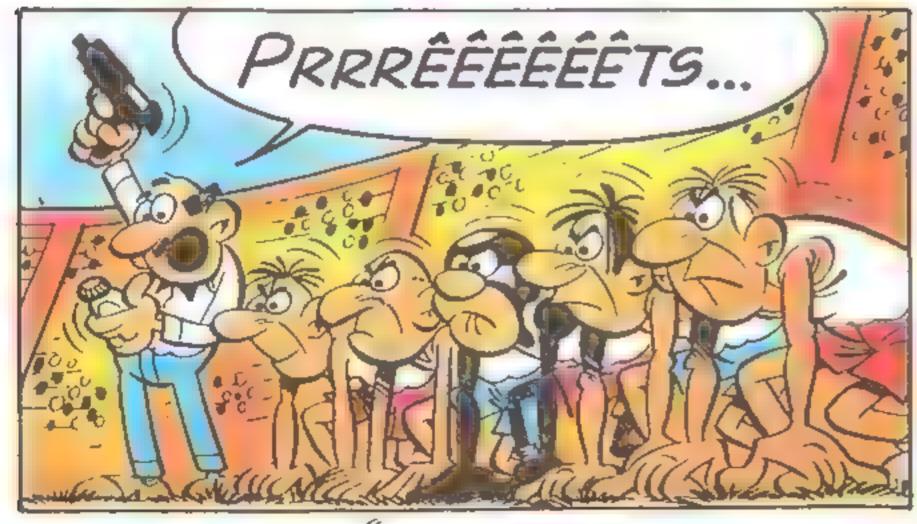






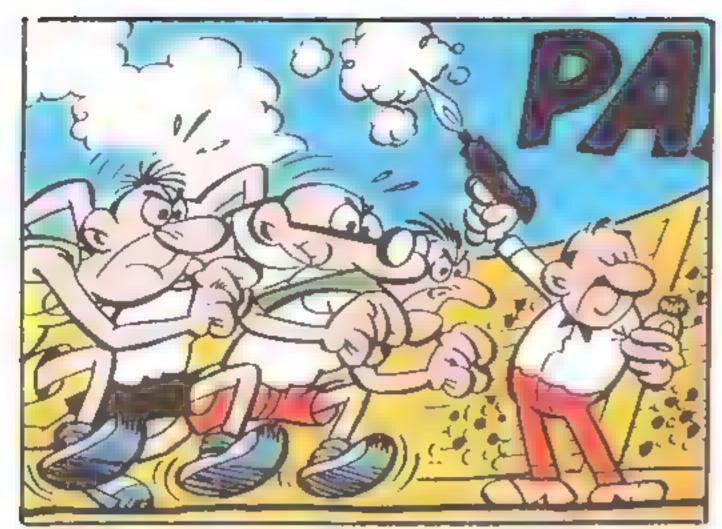


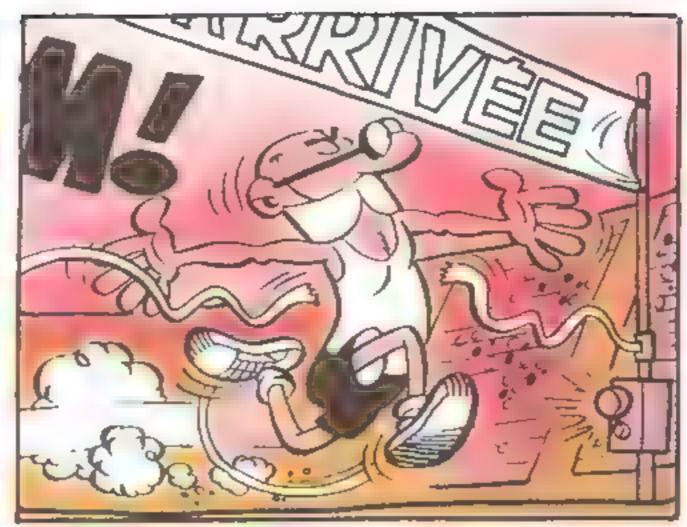
ATTENTION !...

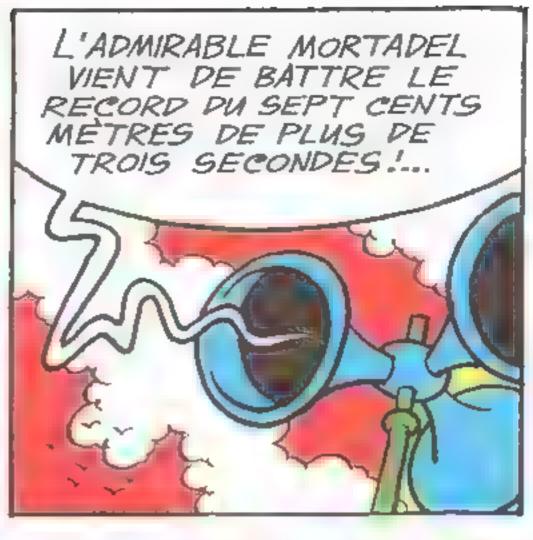


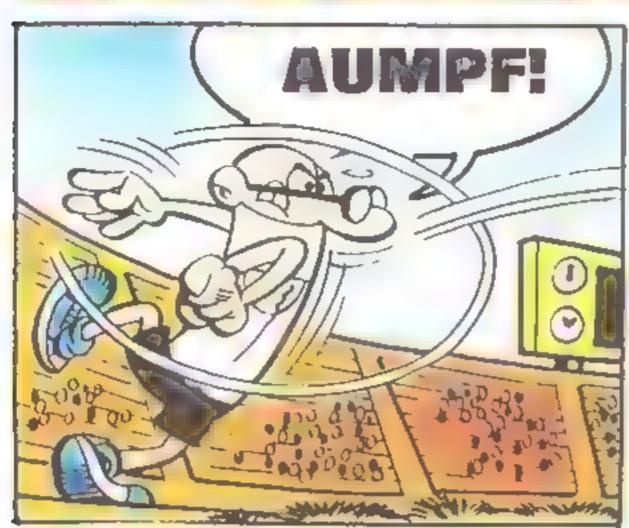


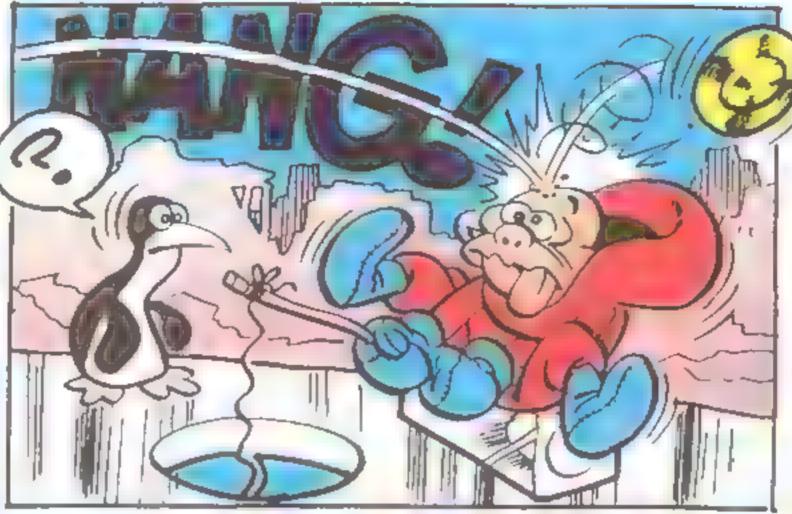






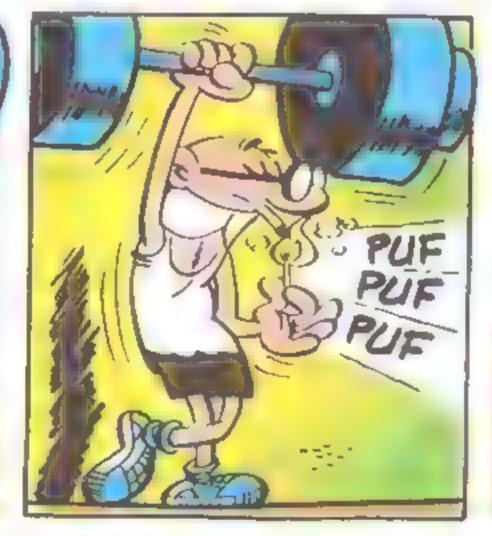


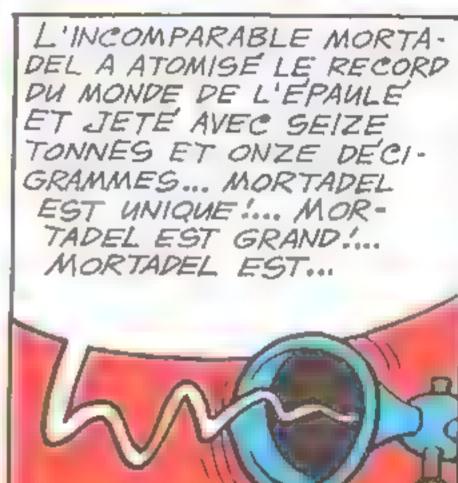














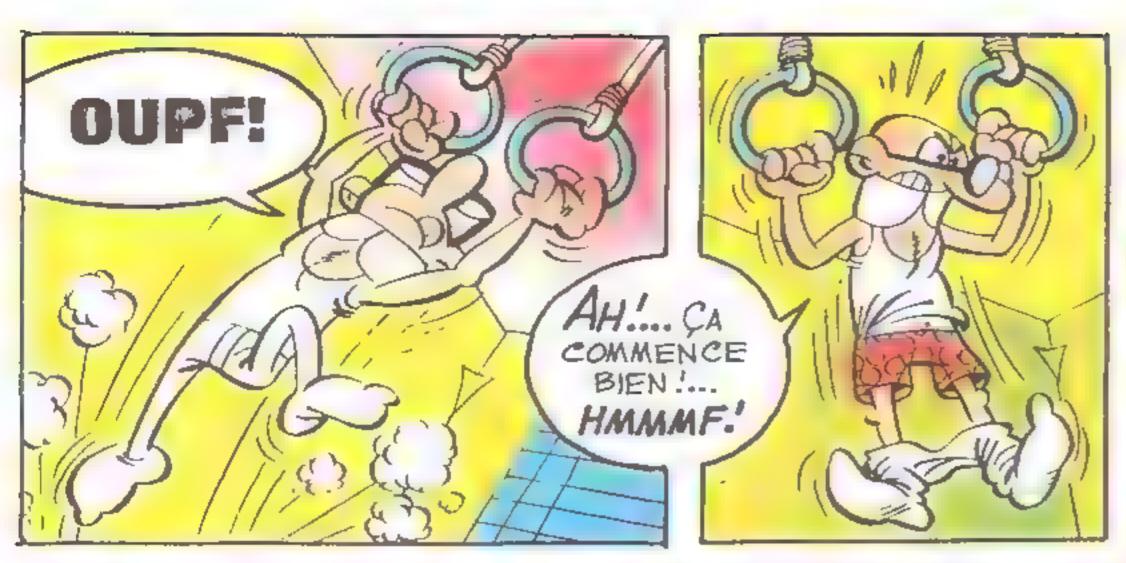










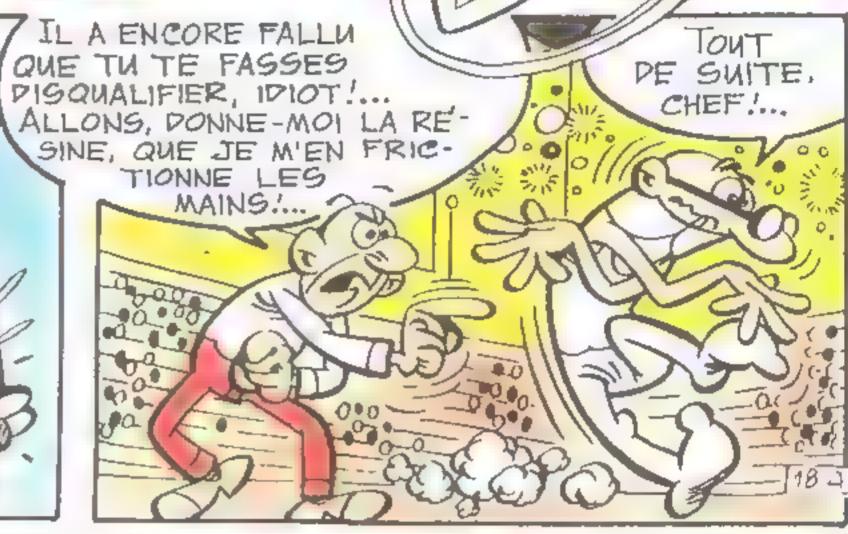




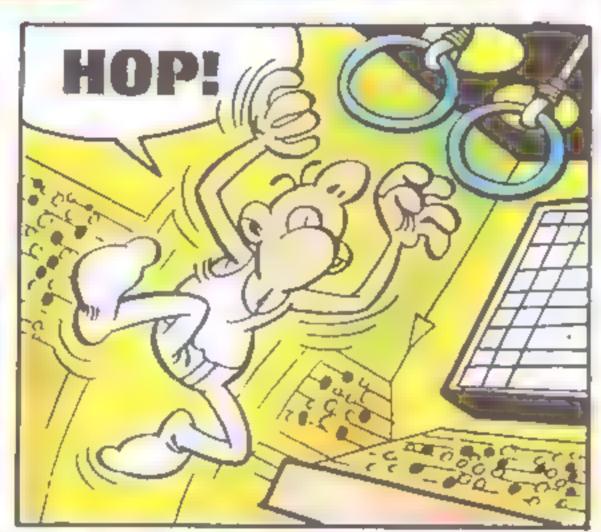








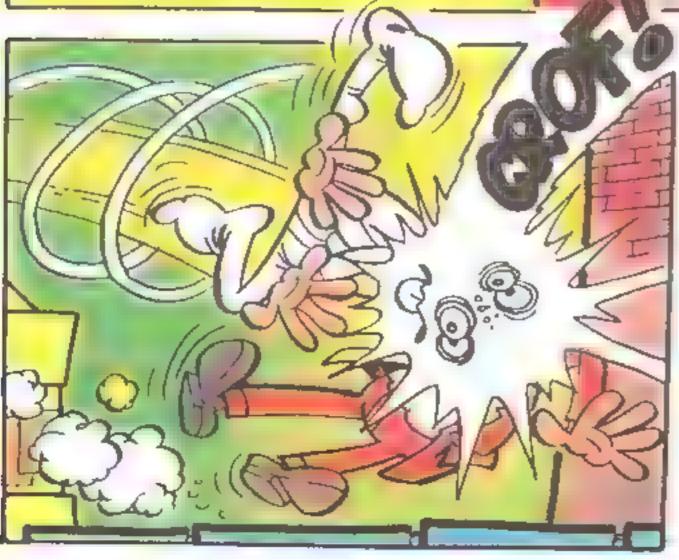








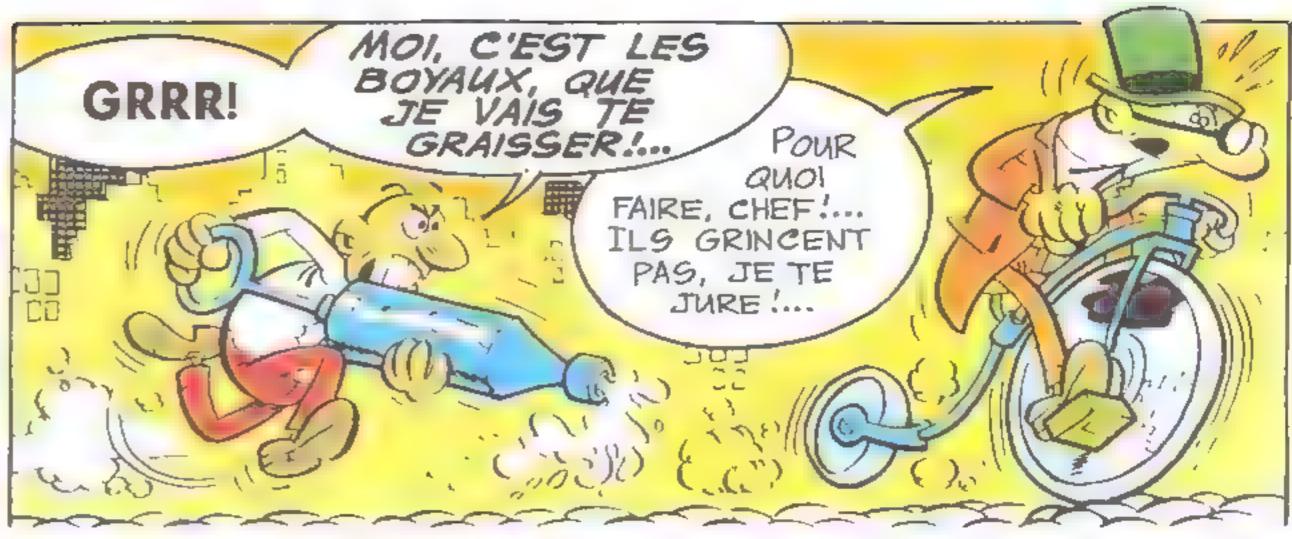












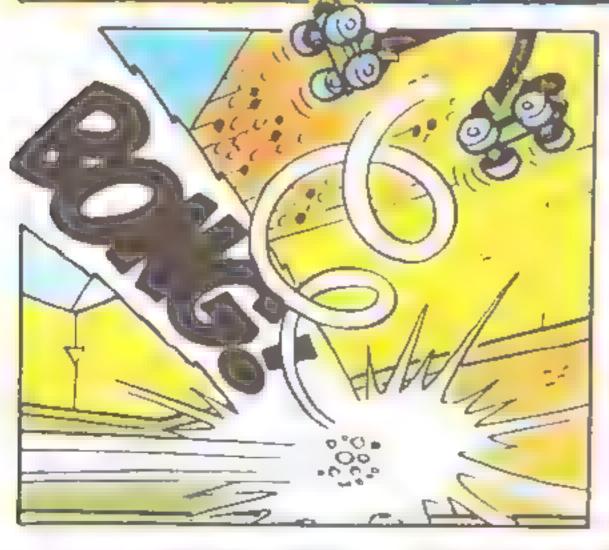










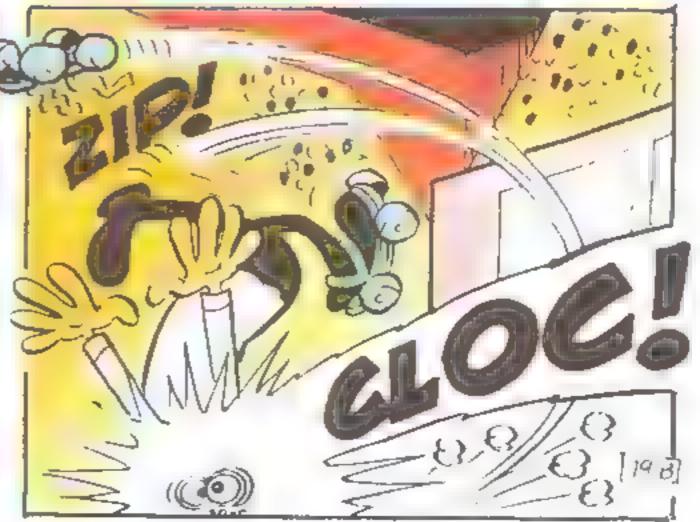




































EN DEUX MOTS,
COMME MON LIT ETAIT
PAS TROP REMBOURRE,
JE SUIS ALLE
FAIRE UN TOUR DANS
LE QUARTIER DU
PORT...ET LA, J'AI
ENTENDU DES TYPES
RECEYOIR DES...









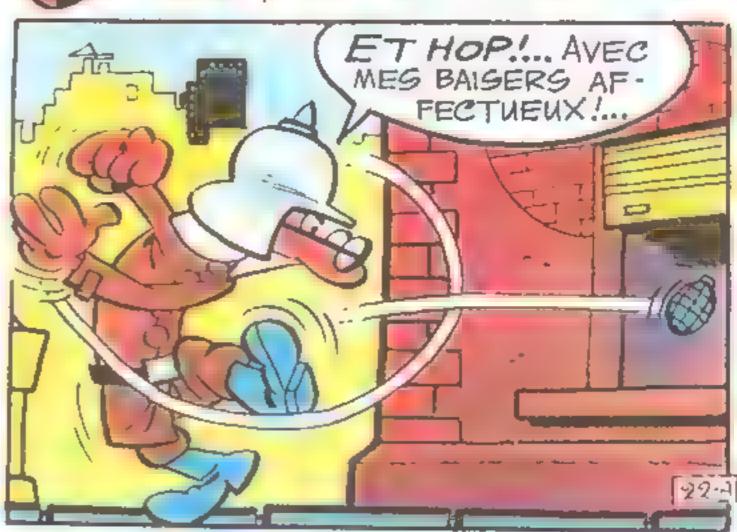










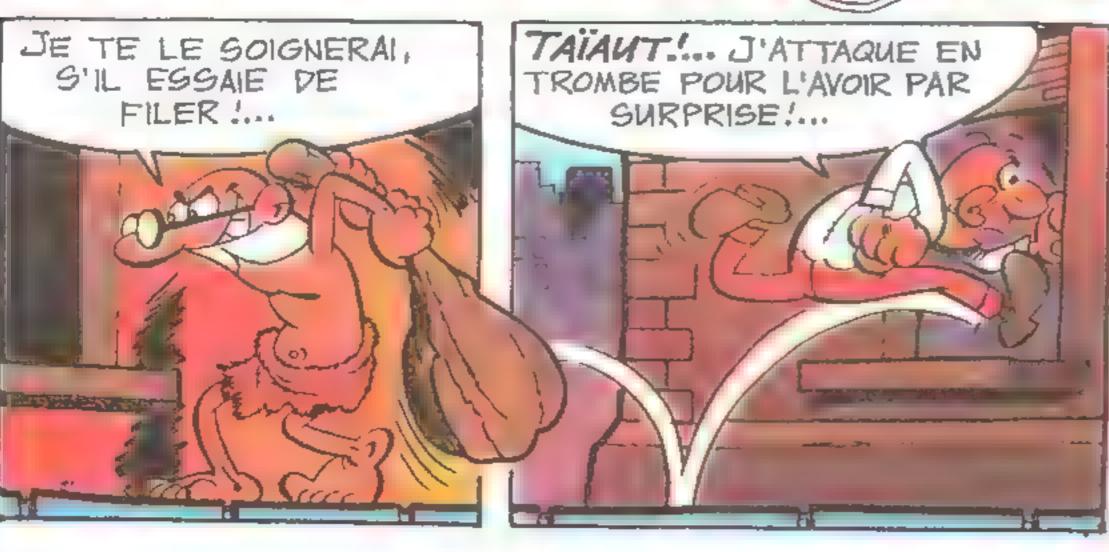








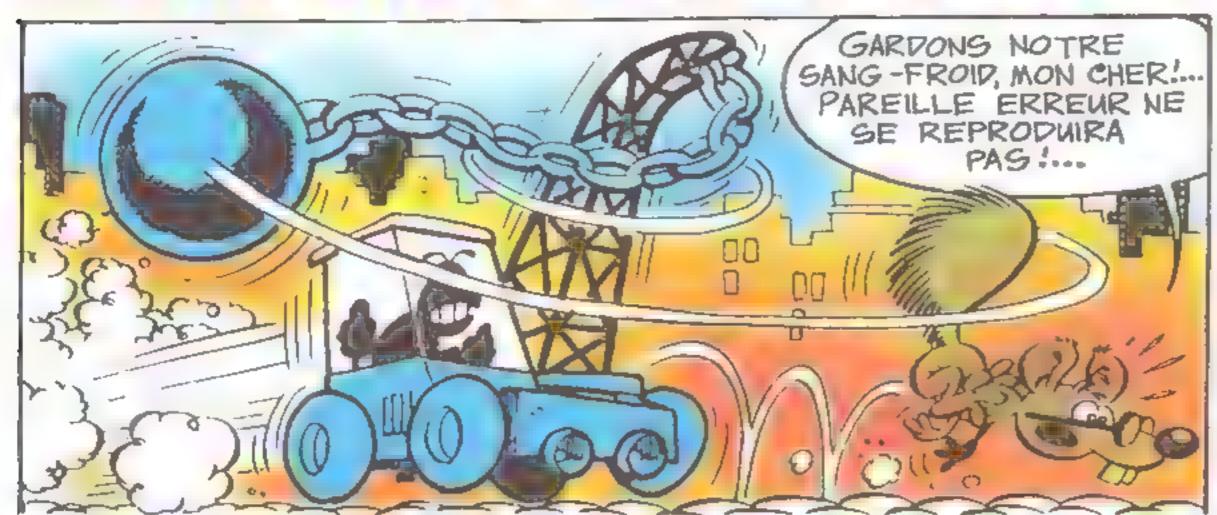




















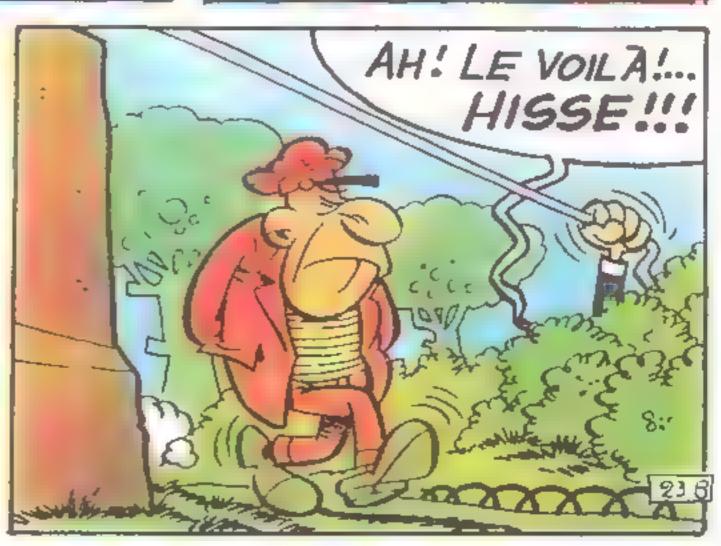


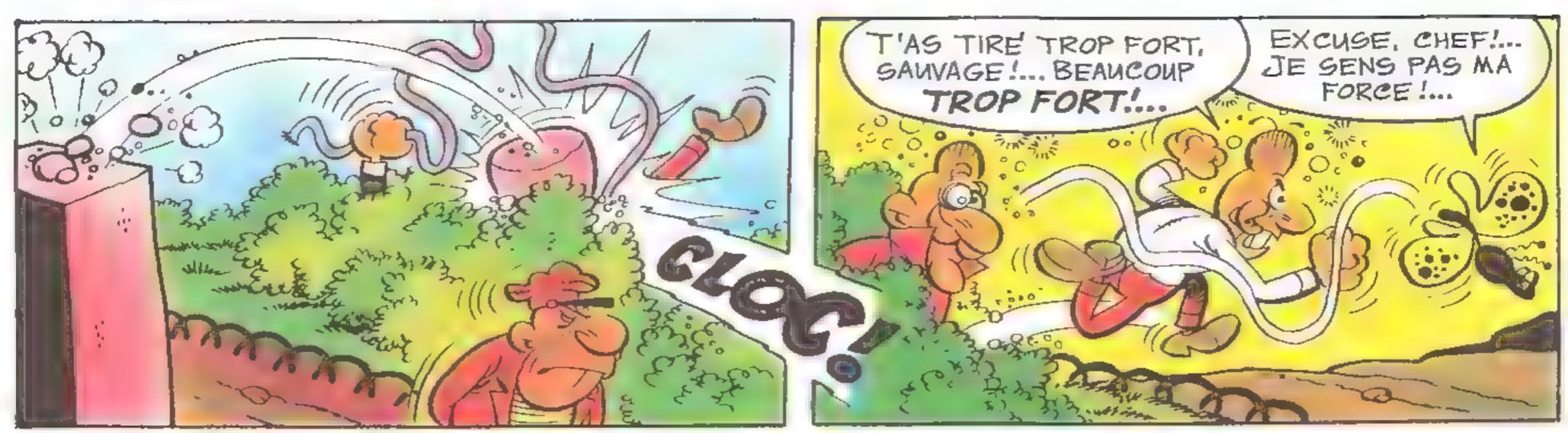






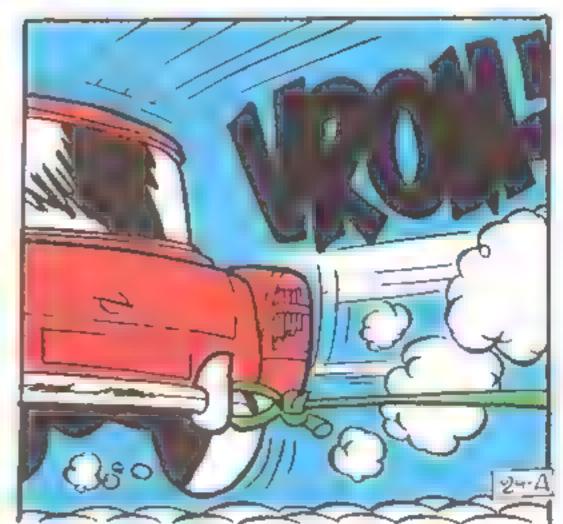














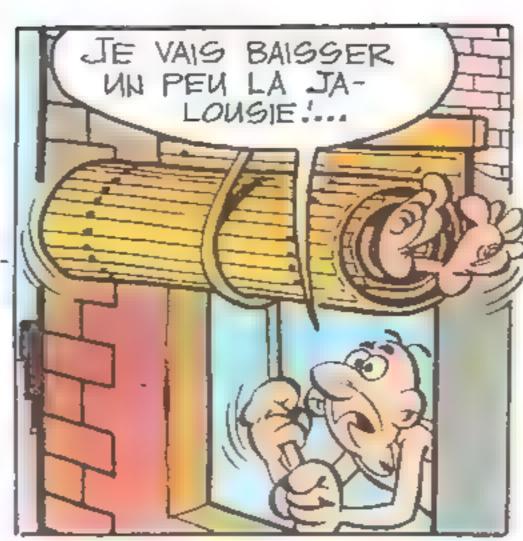










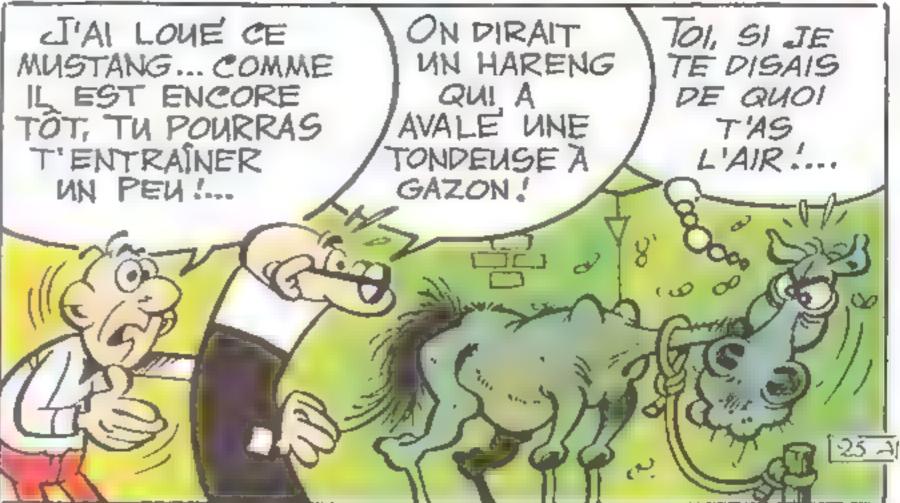




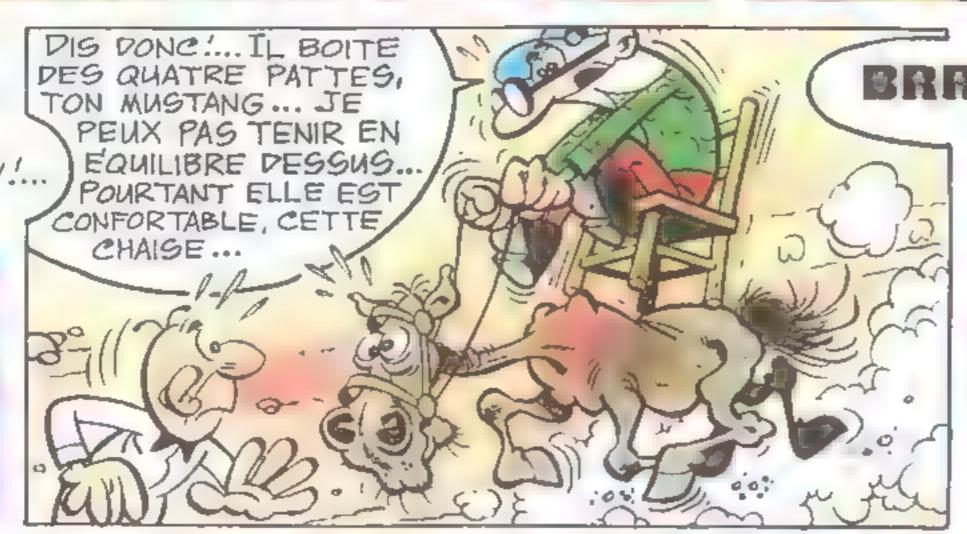








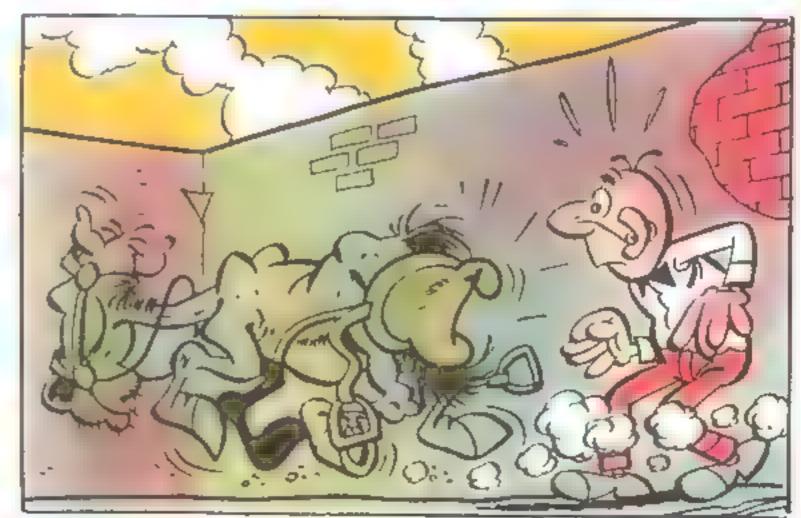


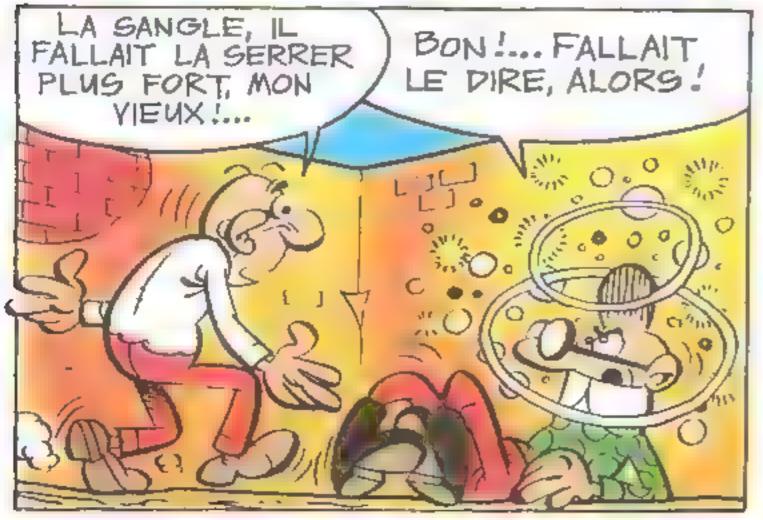




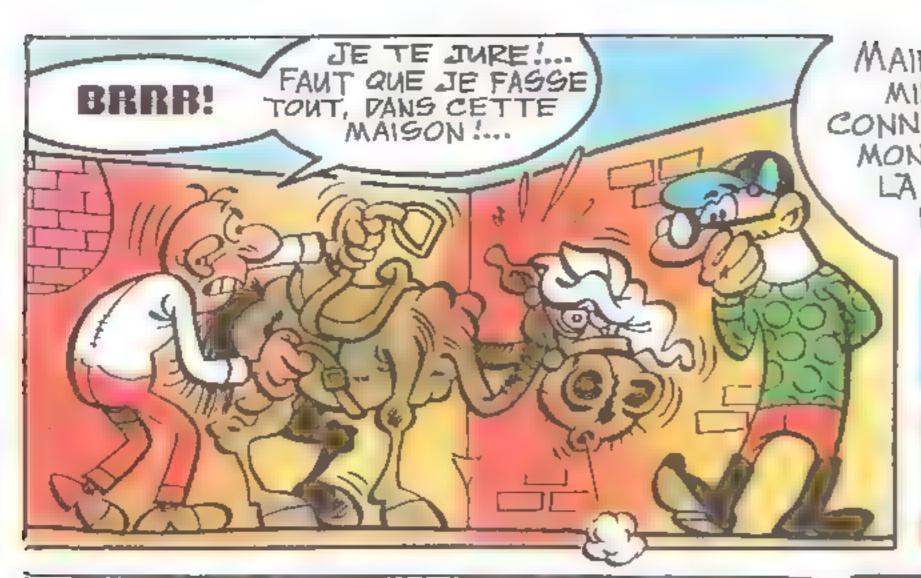










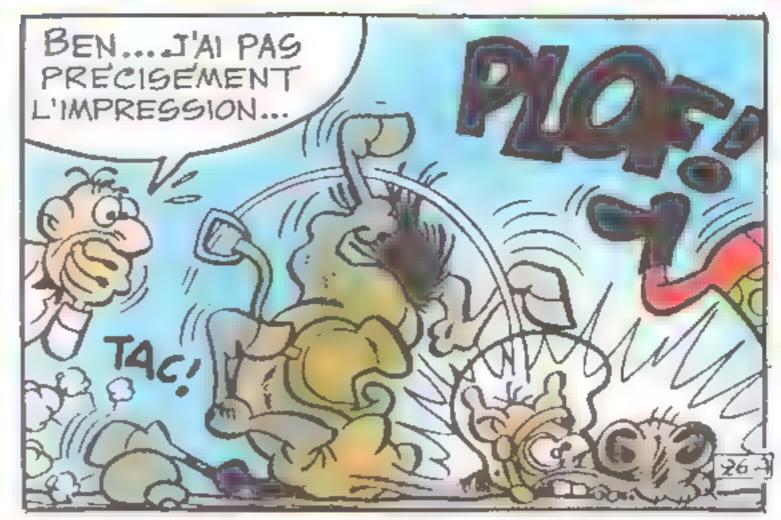












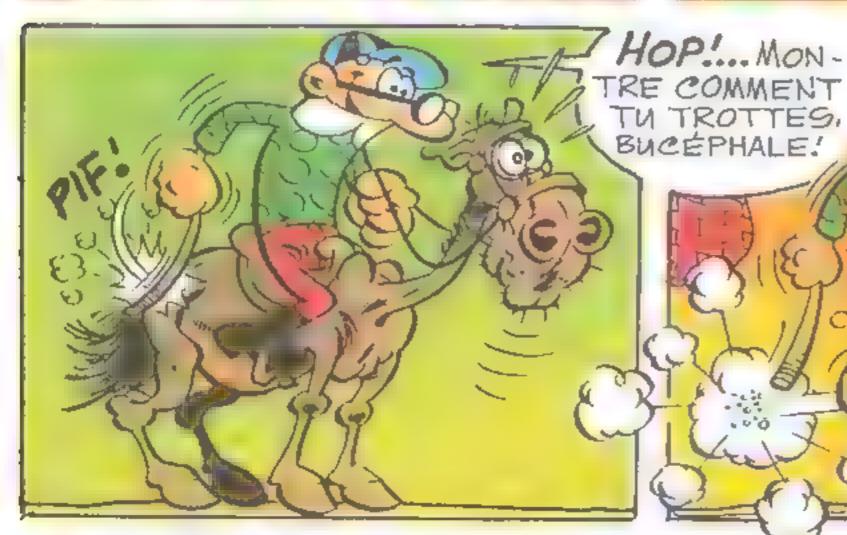




HÉÉÉÉ!... ATTENDS!

REVIENS !!!

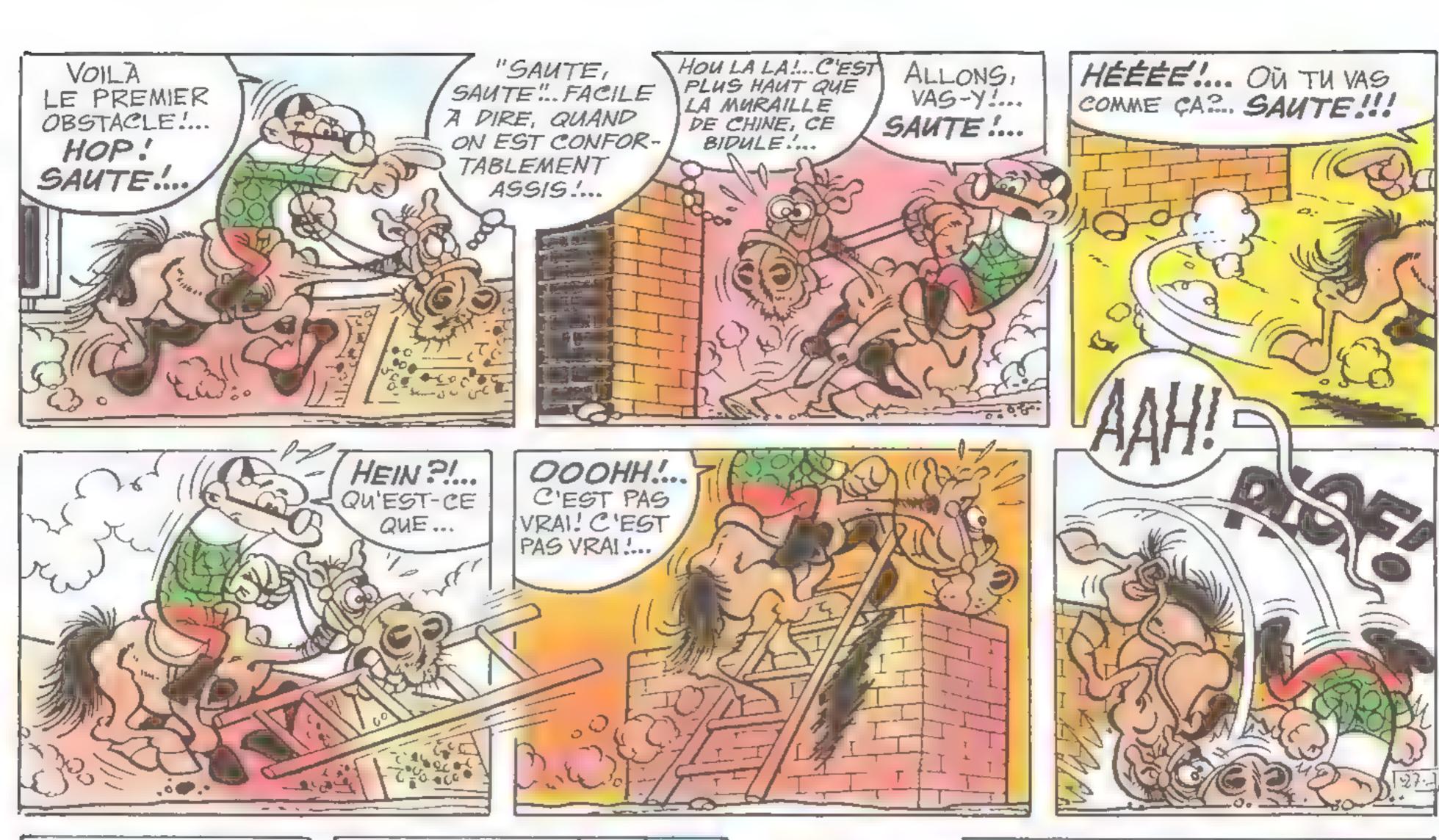








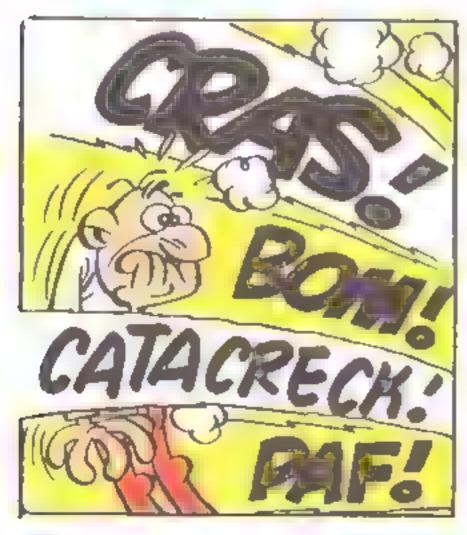










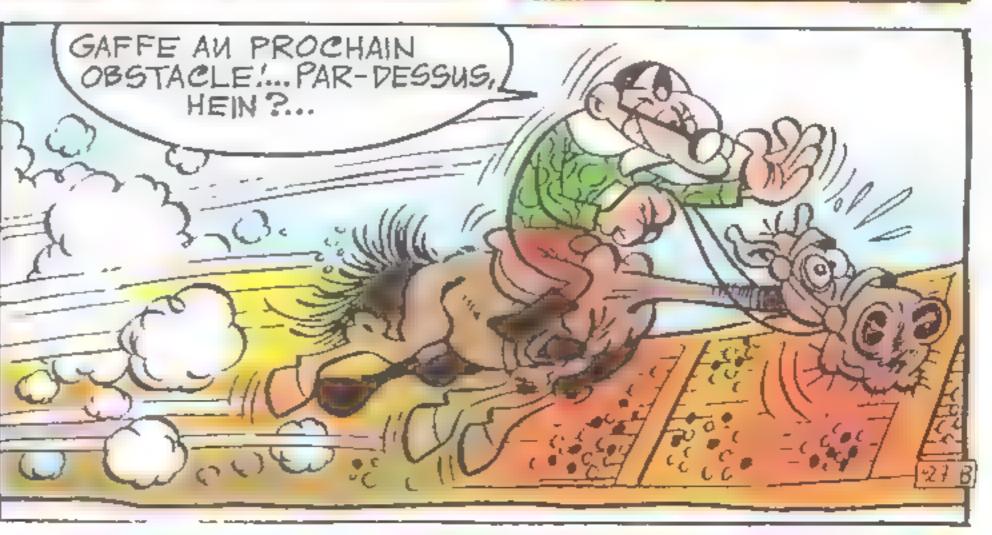


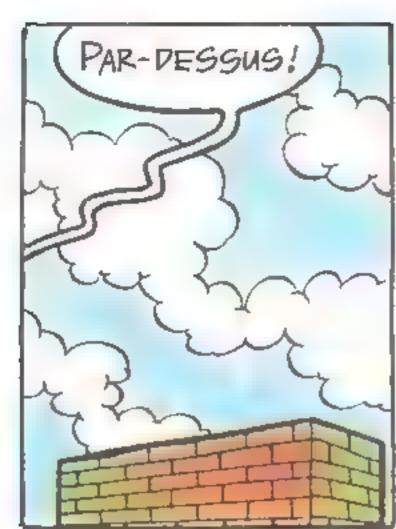


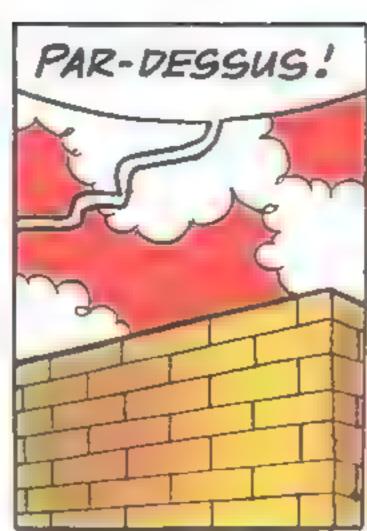




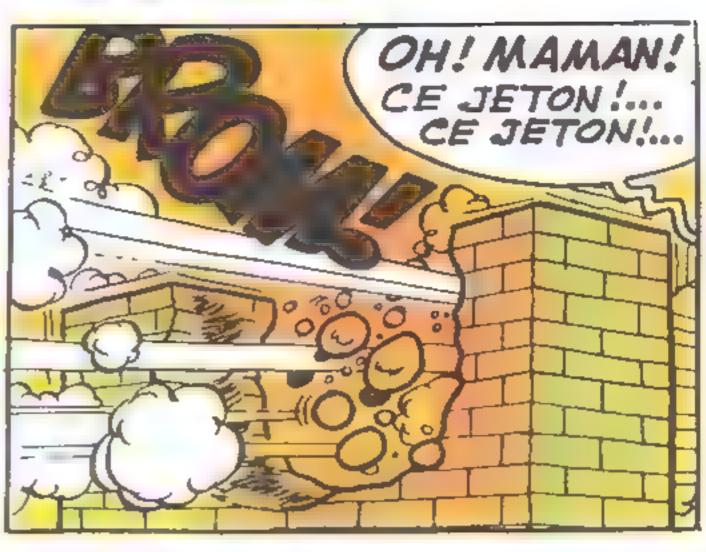










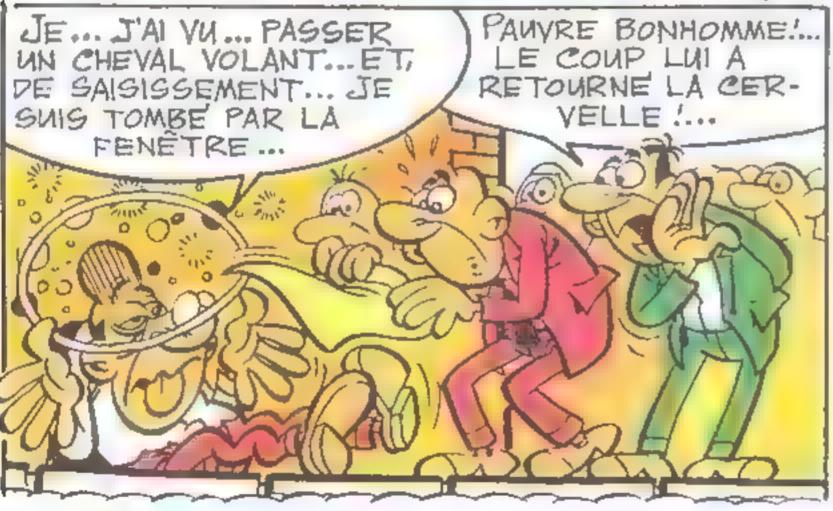


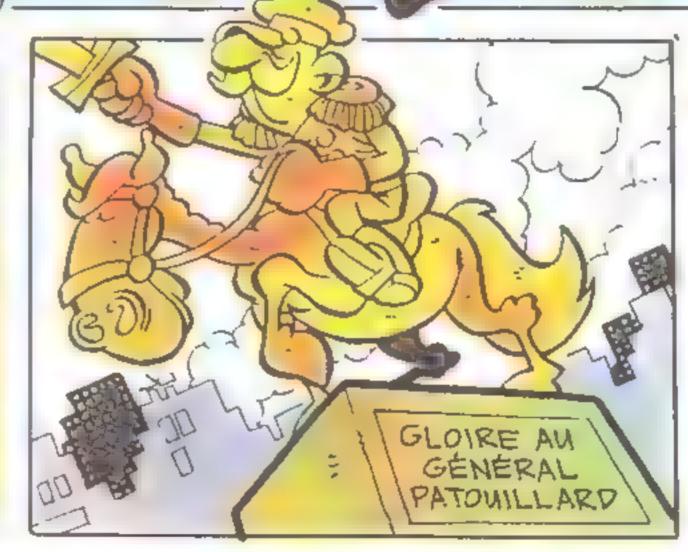




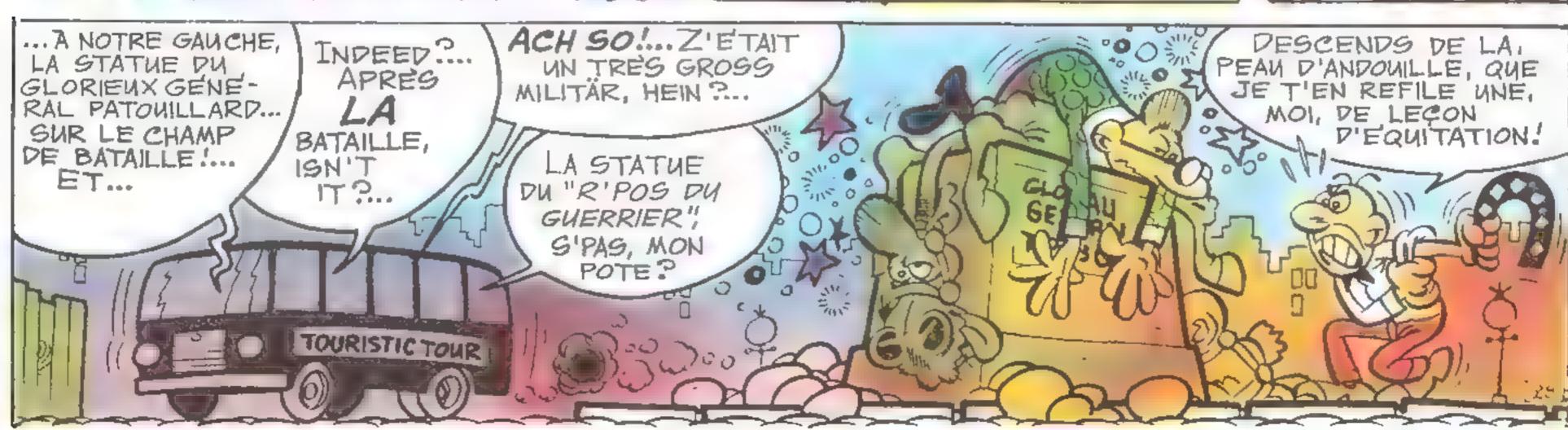




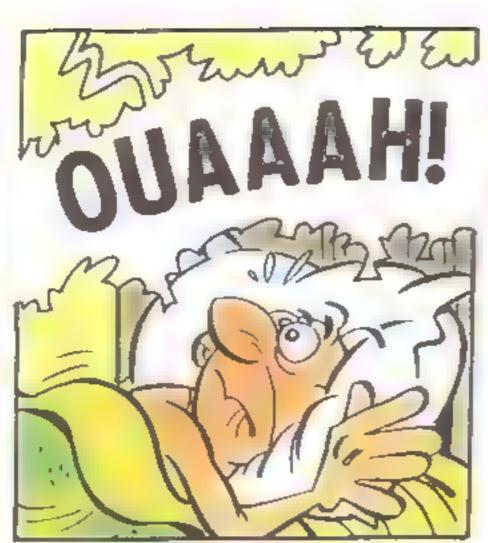






























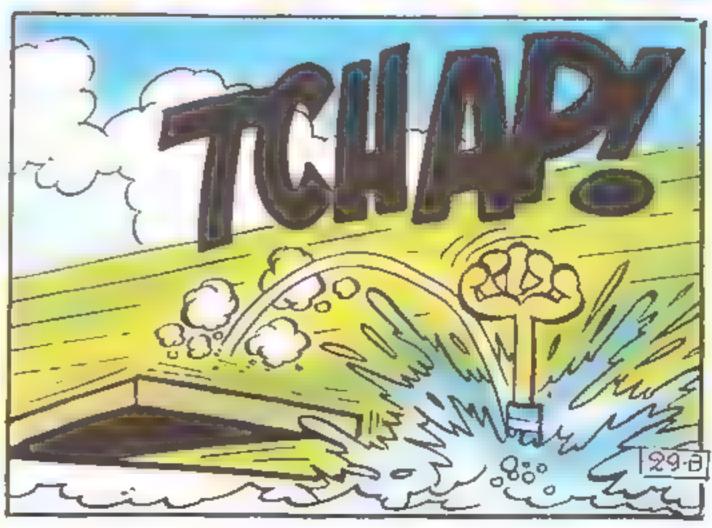














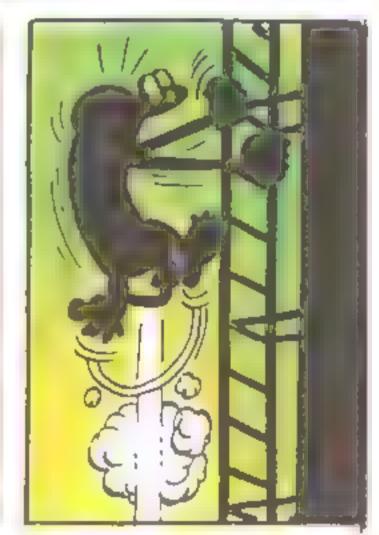


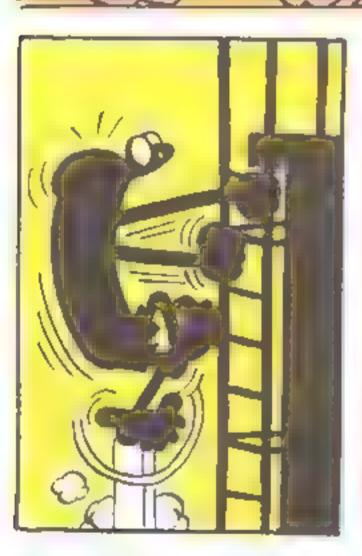












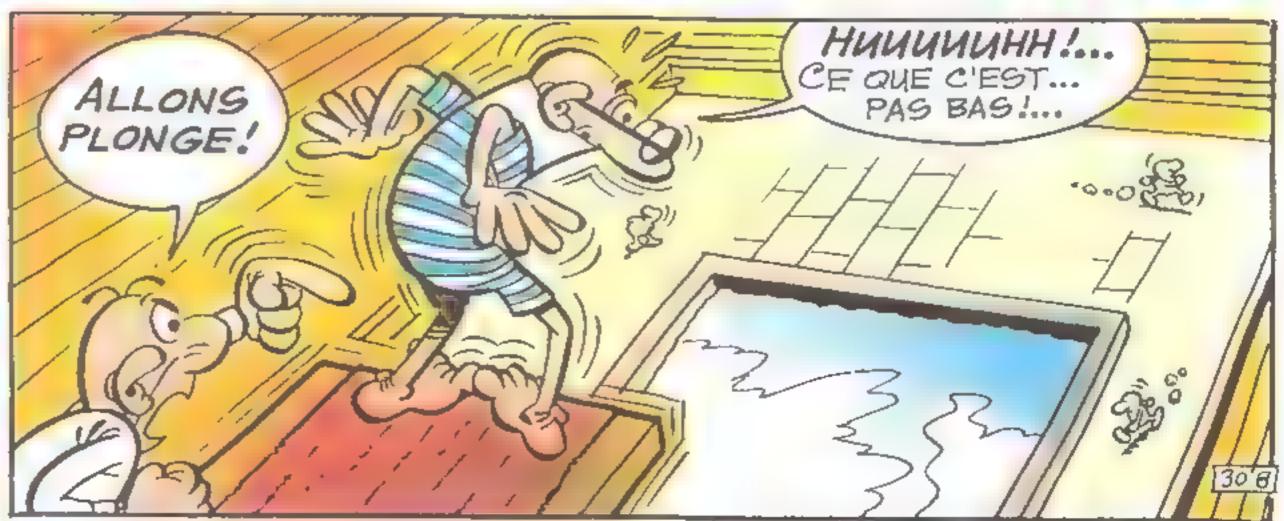




















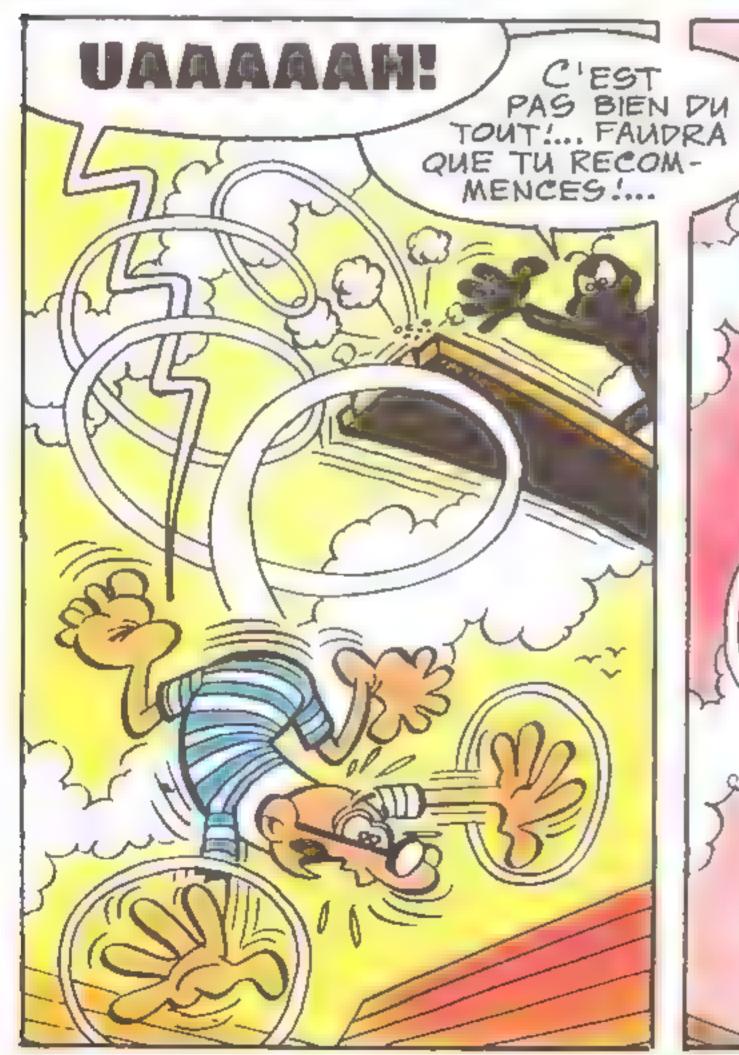


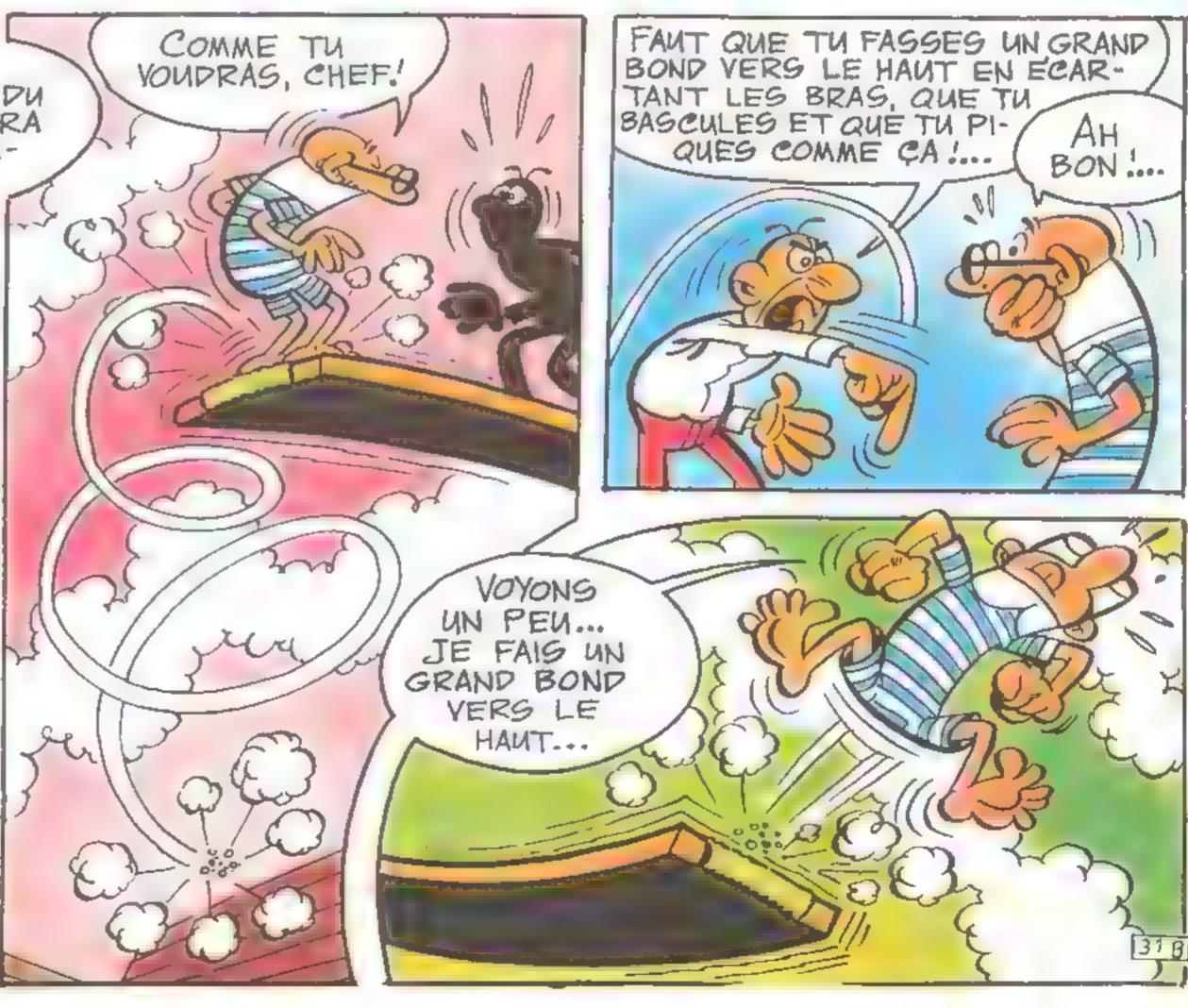


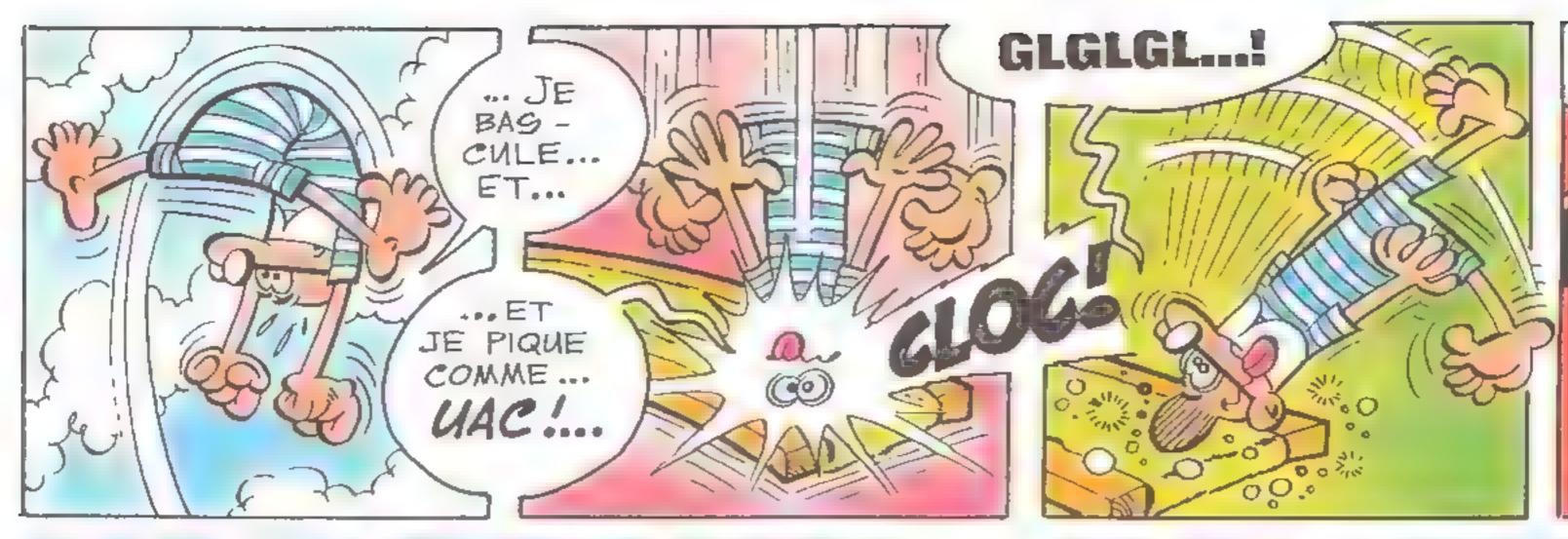










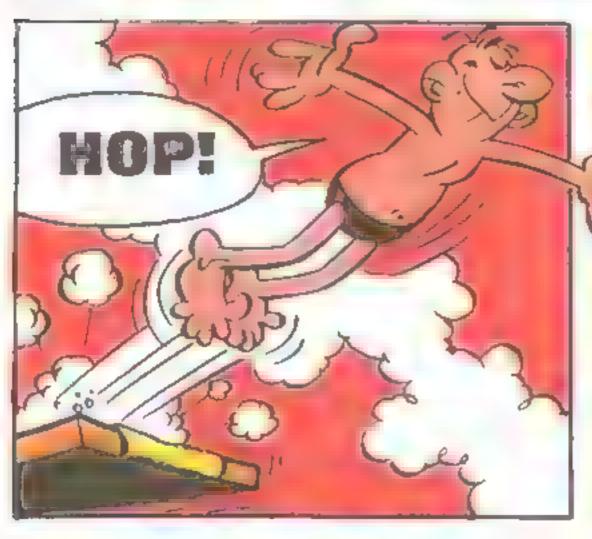










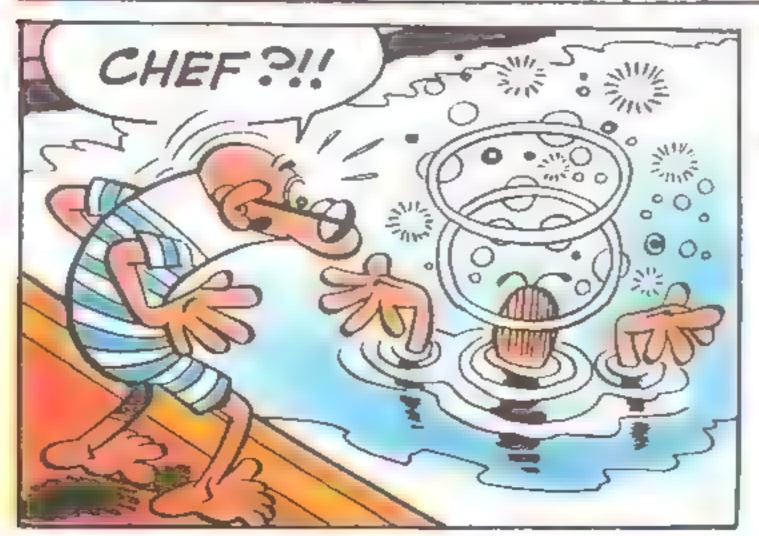








































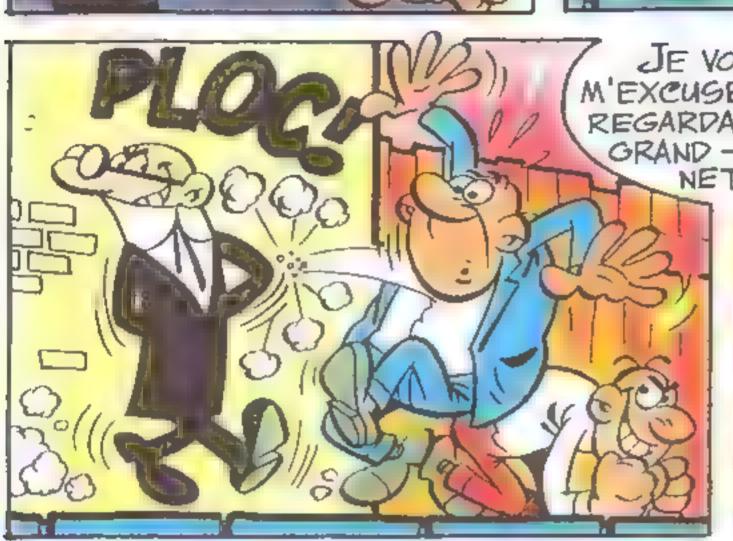














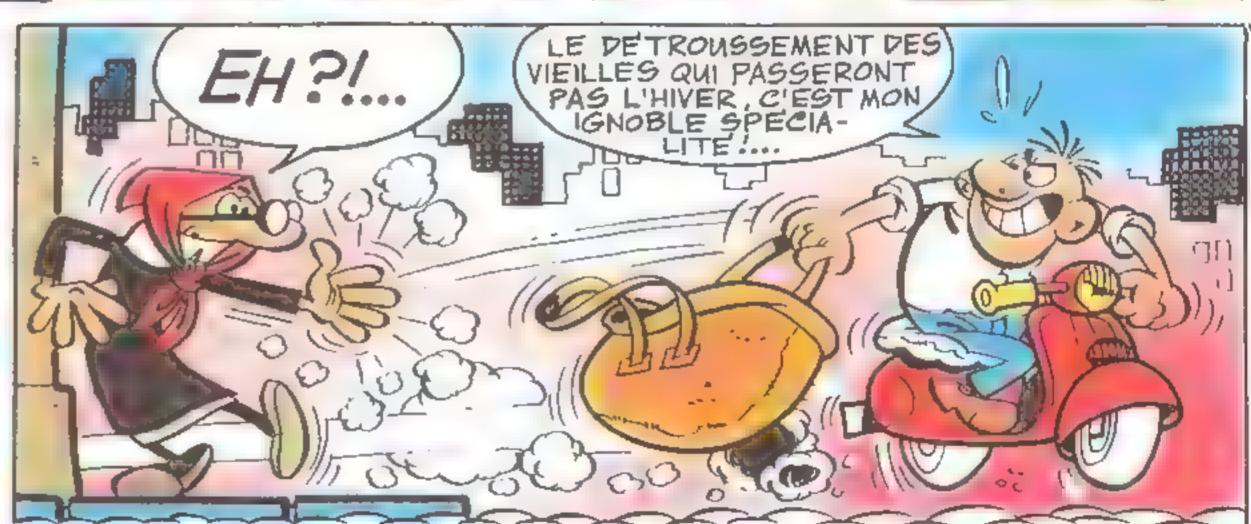


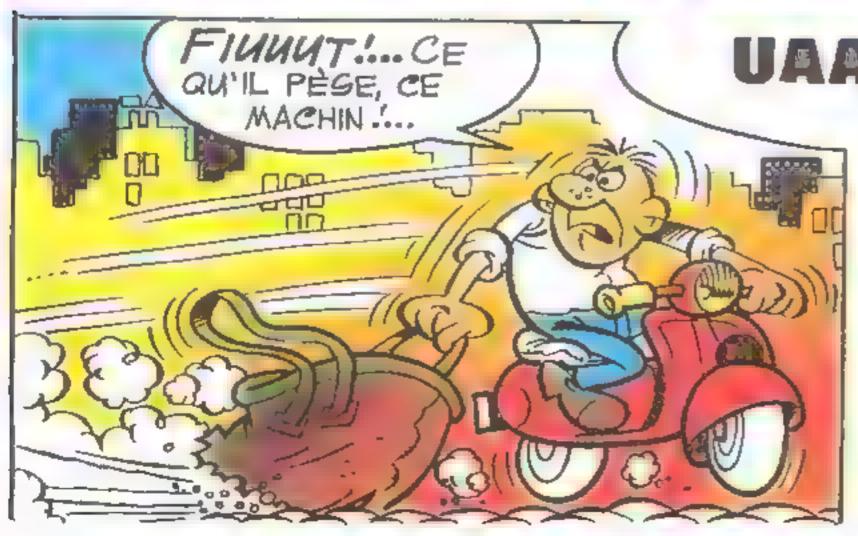




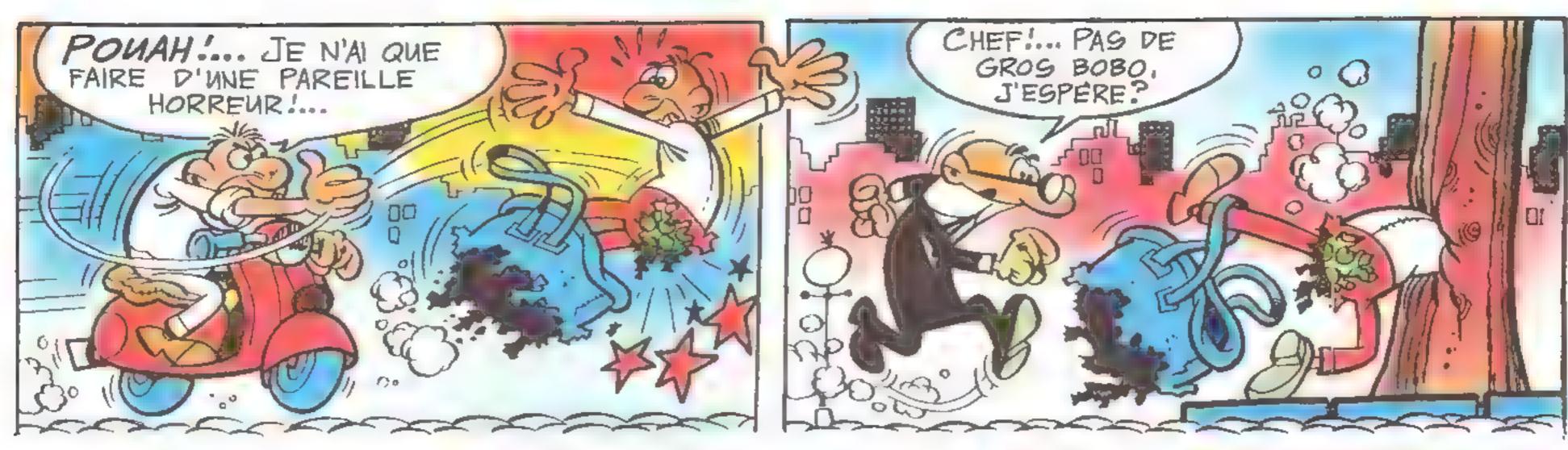












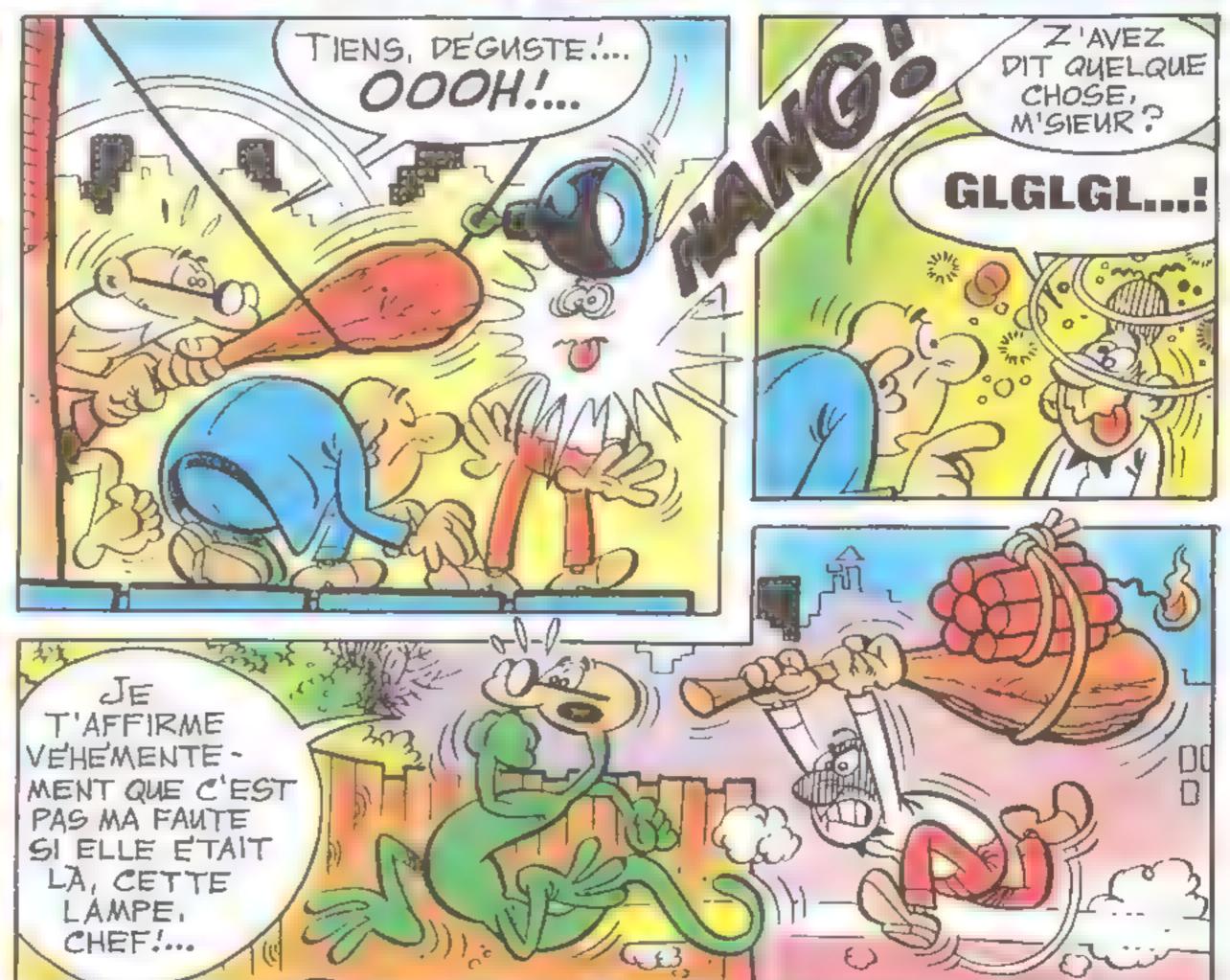








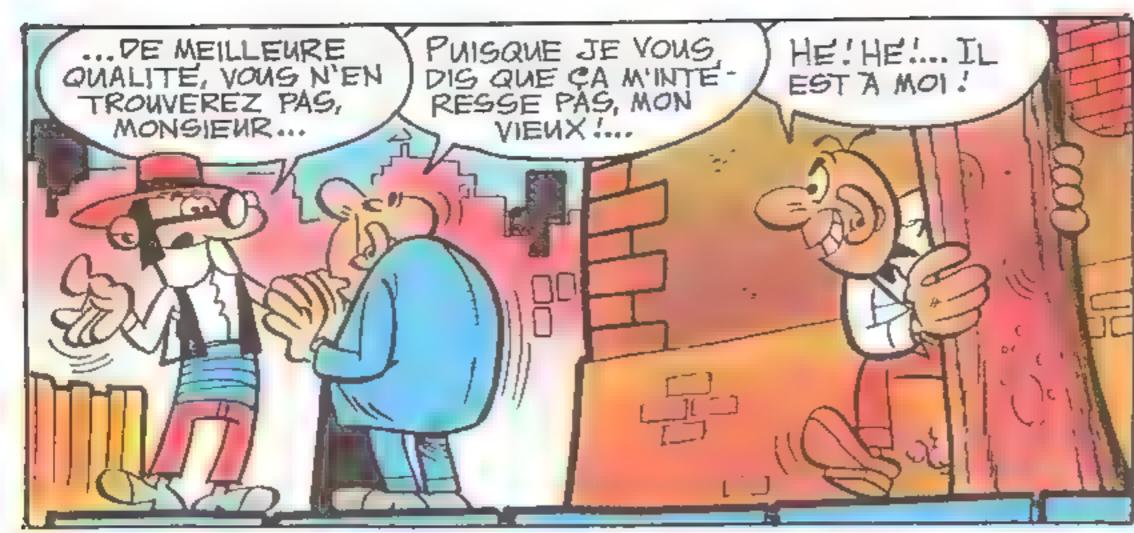






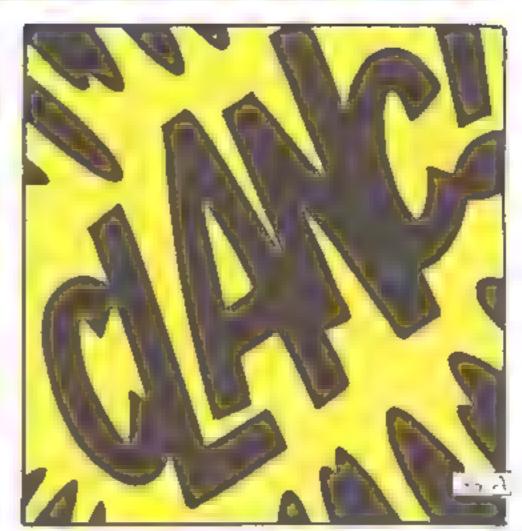
























PARFAIT, FERNAND!
POUR LA FÊTE
NATIONALE, DES
JEUX COMME
GA, NOUS EN
VENDRONS DES
MONTAGNES!

JE T'EN DONNERAI DES JEUX,
MOI!... JUSTE LE TEMPS
D'ALLUMER... ET JE TE
BALANCE...

BEN...
EUH!...

POUR QUOI FAIRE, CHEF?... MYOPE COMME JE SUIS, JE LES VERRAI PAS !...

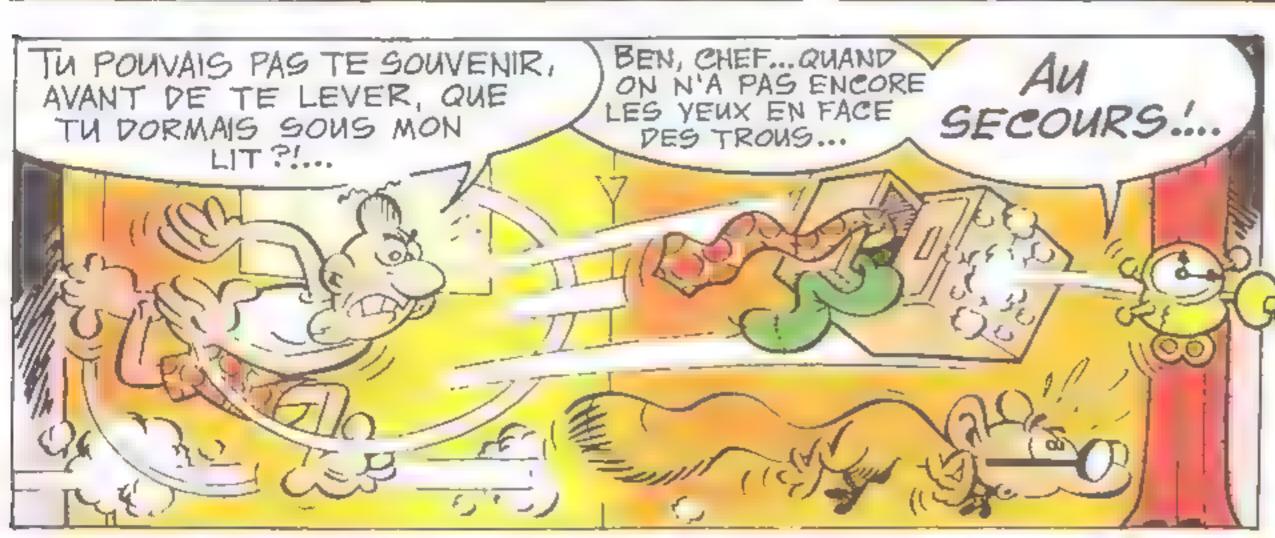










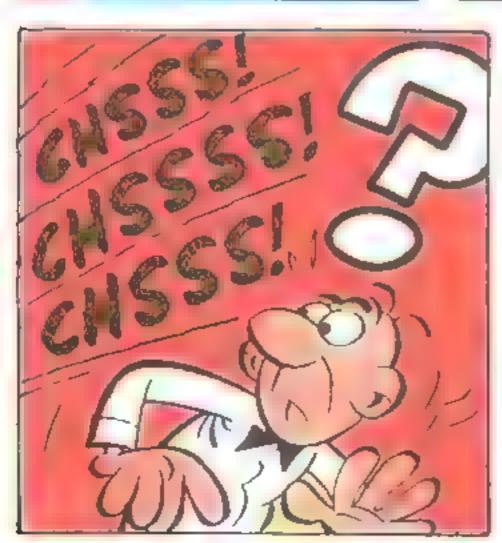










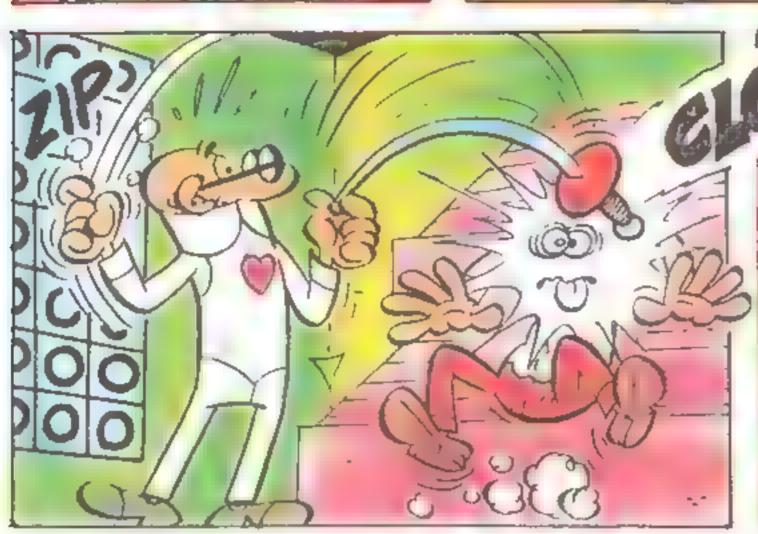










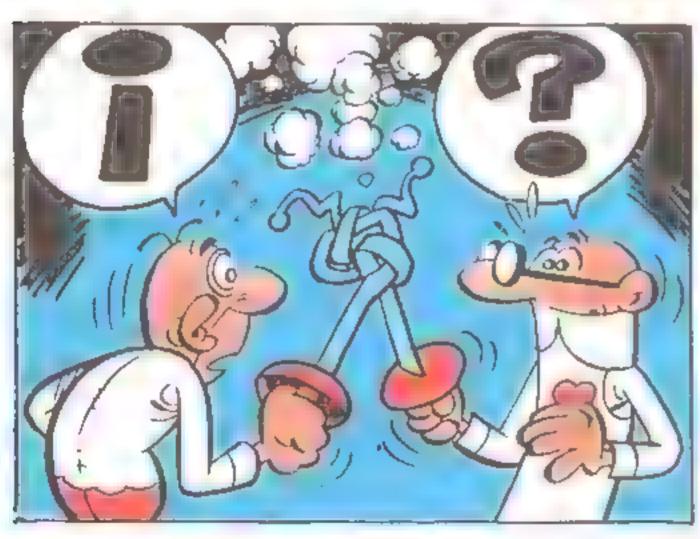










































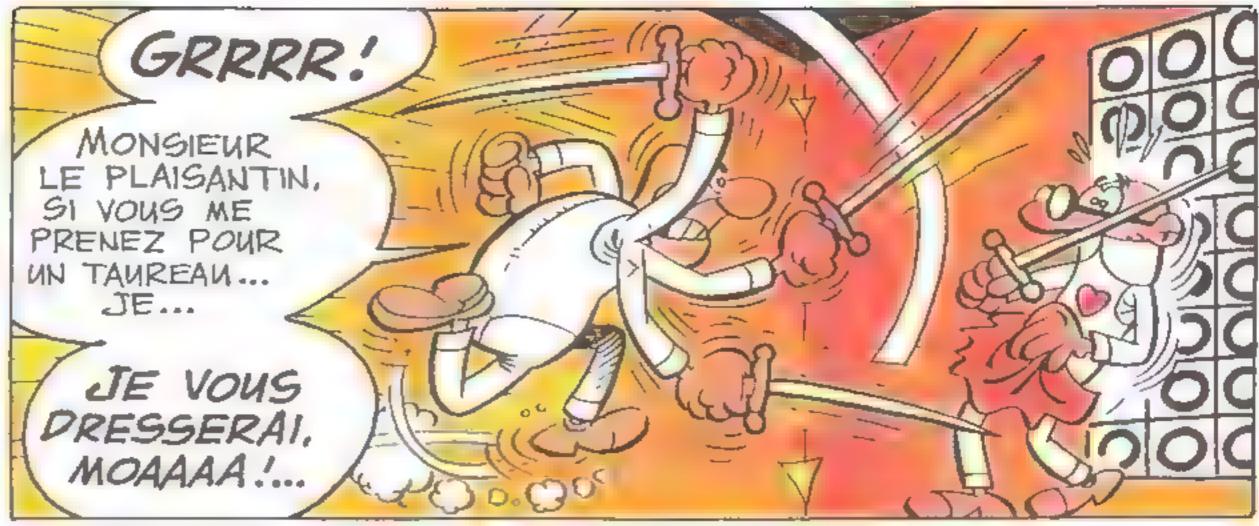














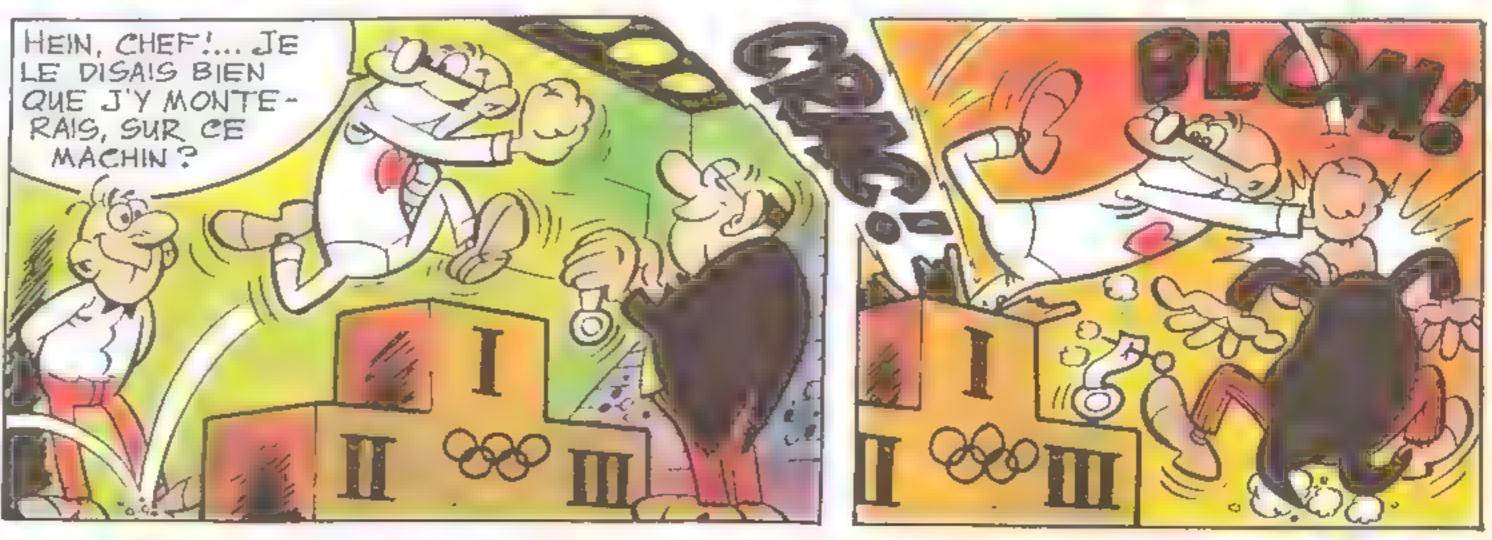






































































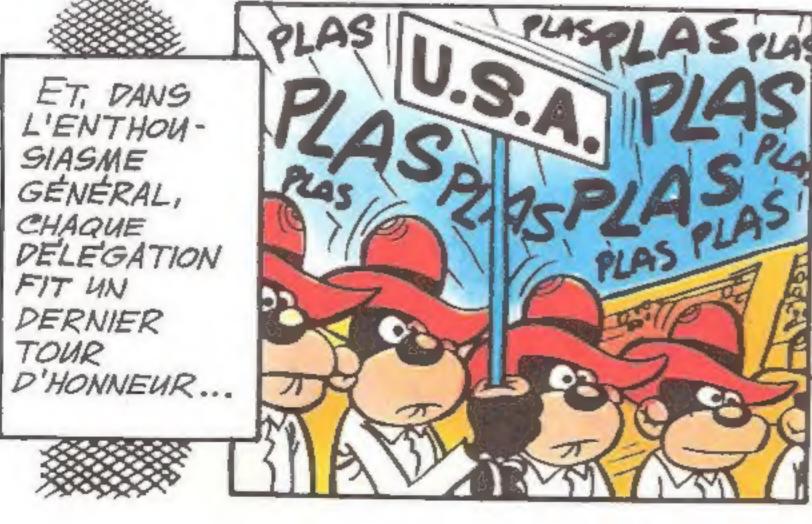


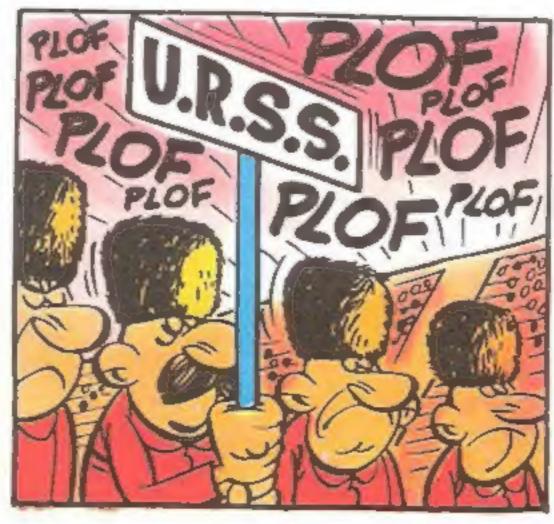




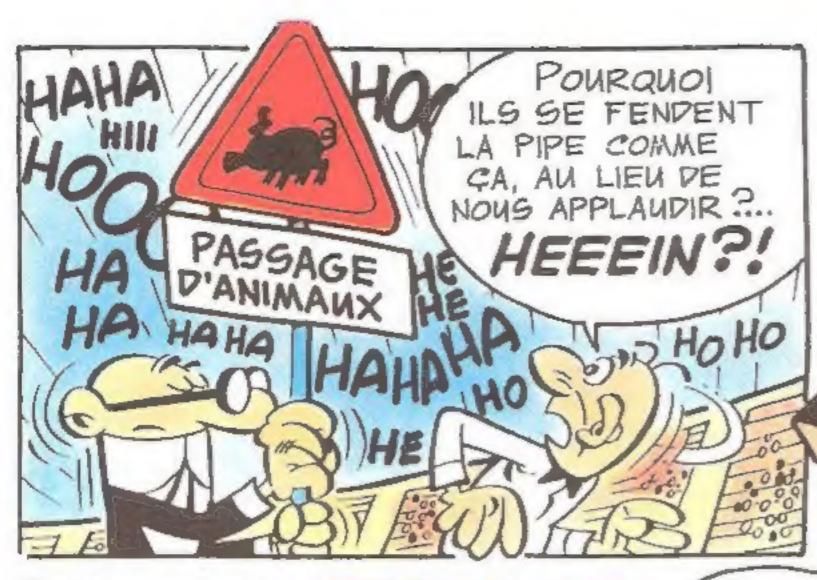




















OH! PAS DE DOUTE ... ON VIDE





HA!HA!...COMME

NOUS, VOUS ALLEZ

FAIRE UN PEU DE



NE YOUS

AFFOLEZ PAS,

NON ... DU CALME, CHERS

AMIS !... PAS DANS UN VOLCAN !... C'EST TOUT



...HEIN? ... OH!...

HUUUH :... LA ... LA

LETTRE ... J'AI

OUBLIE DE LA ...

POSTER ...







RANCISCO IBANEZ est né en Espagne en 1936. A peine s'essayait-il à marcher sur des jambes potelées mais encore chancelantes, qu'il s'adonnait déjà au dessin, comme en ont témoigné longtemps les murs de la maison familiale... oui... longtemps... jusqu'au jour où ses parents décidèrent de les faire lessiver, effaçant à jamais les chefs-d'œuvre de leur géniale progéniture! Las! Nul n'est prophète en son pays!

Notre jeune et méconnu génie usa ensuite, comme tout un chacun, ses fonds de culottes sur les bancs de l'école primaire et du lycée. Après quoi il s'attaqua hardiment aux études supérieures! Il fit ici preuve d'une force de caractère peu commune, en persévérant tout au long d'une longue, longue année! (il préfère ne pas mentionner les titres obtenus grâce à cette étonnante performance... et pour cause!)

Quoi qu'il en soit, à la recherche du brillant avenir qu'il pensait lui revenir de droit, il entra dans une banque... Las! Las! Sous son stylo-bille, les chiffres alignés s'animaient malicieusement, se tortillant, se transformant en lutins facétieux et turbulents, impossibles à contenir! Décidément, il valait mieux abandonner! Et c'est avec la bénédiction et la chaleureuse approbation de ses supérieurs qu'il fit ses adieux à la banque. Quant aux soupirs que lesdits supérieurs poussèrent lorsqu'il franchit la porte sans espoir de retour, nul ne sait si c'étaient des soupirs de soulagement ou de nostalgie!

Et le voilà en tête à tête avec ses malicieux lutins! Les crayons couraient seuls sur la page blanche! Et, leur ayant bon gré mal gré donné vie, notre héros décida de s'en débarrasser en les proposant à la revue

« Chicolino »... il y fut accueilli à bras ouverts! Mais... mais la revue dut fermer ses portes quelques semaines plus tard (on ne sait si c'était dû au hasard ou à la présence de Francisco Ibañez!). Il affronta ensuite la revue « La Risa ». Cette dernière eut la vie plus dure et résista quelques années! Une troisième revue subit le même sort! Alors, la tête, les poches, et le bout du stylo pleins de ses lutins, Francisco Ibañez se lança à l'assaut de la forteresse que sont les Editions Bruguera de Barcelone... Cela se passait il y a quatorze ans... Quatorze ans que Francisco Ibanez y exerce ses ravages et que deux des plus turbulents lutins, j'ai nommé Mortadel et Filemon, mènent dans les revues des Editions Bruguera, un train d'enfer! Eh bien!... Eh bien!... la maison tient toujours! Et... bien mieux... non seulement les Editions Bruguera n'ont pas été contraintes de mettre la clé sous le paillasson, mais Francisco Ibanez reçut, en 1969, le prix de « l'Anneau d'or », prix dont rêvent tous les dessinateurs de bandes dessinées... et ceci pour nos chères barbouses Mortadel et Filemon, consacrant ainsi leur popularité et leur célébrité!

Alors... alors... les Editions Aventures et Voyages (au fond pas plus rassurées que ça) se sont à leur tour hasardées à accueillir l'atomique Francisco Ibañez et à donner asile dans les albums de la collection « Mon Journal » à ses deux explosifs héros... Jusqu'ici, tout va bien... mais... hum!... nous vous mettons néanmoins en garde! Lorsque vous ouvrirez l'album, allez-y prudemment! Nos deux lascars libérés seraient bien capables de jaillir hors de leur cadre pour se livrer en liberté, Dieu seul sait à quelle esbroufante prouesse!